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## Staccato.

WE quote the following paragraph from the pages of an American contemporary for the benefit of our lady readers:—"The violin gown is one of the tea gown's latest rivals. So many young women have set themselves to practising with the bow that the violin gown is the attire in which these musical aspirants are most likely to be found of an afternoon. The violin gown is most often of a creamy primrose colour, a tint which contrasts splendidly with the dark red of the polished wood. A pale yellow silk skirt held by a sash of crêpe, a round waist, with lace sleeves coming only to the elbows, forms the basis of the violin gown last seen. Clusters of deep red artificial roses, delicately perfumed, were fastened in the draperies, and a large opal glowed from a bracelet on the wrist. The opal is the jewel most frequently worn with the violin gown. When the violin is under the chin, and the bow is held high, and the first staccato note begins, then the opal is in its glory."

DOES the opal change colour, one wonders, when the player is out of tune? If so, it would be an unfortunate choice for most amateurs. Of course the violin gown will be followed by the pianoforte gown, which in colour must harmonize with the rosewood and the ivory, and in make be adapted for the playing of octave passages. The invention of singing gowns and banjo gowns will be only a question of time, and when that point is reached the music will probably have been lost sight of altogether.

MR. JONES: "Have you attended 'Die Walküre,' madame?" Mrs. Smith. (superciliously): "Certainly not; I don't feel the slightest interest in these pedestrian matches."

AN odd mistake has lately been discovered in the title of one of Schubert's songs, namely, that known as "Auf der Brücke." Any one who knows the song must perceive the absurdity of the title, as there is nothing whatever in the poem about a bridge, or even a river; the writer only speaks of galloping through a forest, and of what he sees on arriving at a certain point. The title is, as a matter of fact, a misprint for "Auf der Bruck," the "Bruck" being a wooded height near Göttingen, which, at one point, commands a very extensive view.

MR. JOSEPH BENNETT has begun a series of four lectures at the Royal Institution upon the "Origin and Development of Opera in England." In his first lecture he traced his subject back to the miracle plays of the reigns of Henry VI. and Henry VII., and gave some amusing details from the Chester collection in the British Museum. To this collection is appended a list of expenses

connected with the performances. Among the charges were 2d. "paid for mending hell's mouth," 4d. "paid for keeping fire at hell's mouth," and 5d. "paid for setting the world on fire," which Mr. Bennett rightly considers "rather a large order." The music which certainly formed a portion of these primitive entertainments, no longer exists.

SINCE Von Bülow has been touring in the United States, the American music papers have been full of himself, his sayings, and his doings. A writer in the *Musical Courier* relates the following anecdote *à propos* of the little doctor:—"I remember talking at a Liederkrantz ball, some three years ago, to a tall, stately German naval officer, and a nobleman to boot, who was in town for a frolic, his ship being anchored in the bay. I didn't catch his name, but that didn't matter, for the conversation turned on music, and he casually remarked: 'Yes, I sometimes like music. I have a cousin who plays the piano pretty well; perhaps you have heard of him. Von Bülow is his name. We don't think much of music as a profession, though, in our family.'"

VON BÜLOW'S recitals, long and classical though they were, seem to have been listened to with the most exemplary silence and attention by his Yankee audiences, for on one occasion the proverbial pin was actually dropped and actually heard; but it is only fair to state that it was a good-sized hat-pin. Von Bülow glared at the offender in a manner which showed conclusively that he had noticed the interruption, slight though it was.

It was a clever Japanese who, after hearing a performance of "Die Gotterdammerung," remarked to his American cousin: "So that is your music of the future. Well, that was our music of the past in Japan."

IT is sometimes a mistake for organists to consult their rectors about the choice of voluntaries. When a certain reverend gentleman was approached by his musical colleague with the question, "What shall I play?" he answered absently, his mind being fixed, of course, upon the sermon, "That depends upon what kind of a hand you have got." That organist left the vestry under the reproach attached to men who give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN was once asked where he was able to compose best, and under what circumstances his ideas flowed most freely. "There is no place," he said, "where I have so many inspirations as in a railway carriage. There is something in the rapidity of the motion, in the clanging of the iron, and in the whir of the wheels, which seems to excite the imagination and supplies material for a host of harmonies."

UPON the occasion of Vieuxtemps' first visit to New York, the great violinist took a drive one day about the town, and spoke afterwards of the courtesy and politeness of the inhabitants, who sat at their windows and saluted him by an inclination of the head, so that the gallant Belgian was perpetually lifting his hat. Alas! poor man, he was not acquainted at that time with the great national institution, the American rocking-chair! Hence the bows.

"THE Piano Taught Moderate" is the legend inscribed over the door of a small house in the West End. The grammar is not that of Lindley Murray, or of any later authority, but, as it stands, above how many "seminaries" and "academies" might it not truthfully be written?

THE following pretty story appears in Miss Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life*. The authoress says:—"I was reading the song beginning 'There's nae luck about the house,' to a friend, as well as a tongue not Scottish would let me, while an intelligent young person, below the rank that is called a lady, sat at work in the room. She smiled as I concluded, and said, half to herself, 'Singing that song got my sister a husband.'"

"Is she so fine a singer?" inquired my friend, "No, ma'am, not a fine singer at all; only somehow everybody likes to hear her, because she seems to feel the words she sings, and so makes other people feel them. But it was her choosing that song that won William's love. He said that a woman who put so much heart into the description of a wife's joy at getting her husband home again, would be sure to make a good wife herself. And so she does. There never was a happier couple. It has been a lucky song for them, I am sure."

IMPRESARIOS and others have more than once confessed that the operatic stars of other days owe their celebrity largely to paid applause. The late Signor Tamberlik is said to have made similar confession to the Baroness Salvador, shortly before his death. Tamberlik first sang in Paris in 1858. He said: "Giaccomelli the musical agent and myself chose 200 claqueurs, and gave them places in different parts of the theatre. Their orders were to wait for the high C sharp and a signal." The *ut de poitrine* was delivered and the signal given. "Then," candidly admits Tamberlik, "came thunders of applause, and cries of *bis* were heard all over the house. The money I spent for that *debut* was money well invested."

AT a recent concert in New York, the two distinguished pianists, Joseffy and Moritz Rosenthal, are reported to have played the same piece at the same time each on a separate piano, with such accuracy that the double performance sounded like a solo. Such a piece of charlatanry is surely unworthy of two artists who have hitherto gained well-deserved celebrity in the higher paths of their profession.



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THE pianoforte recital is said to be going out, but this form of entertainment dies hard, owing to the fact that when it is successful, the recital is the most profitable of all concerts, and the least disastrous when unsuccessful. During his last visit to London, Liszt was offered, if he would give a recital, a blank cheque faced "Under one thousand guineas," which he declined. The last recital given at St. James's Hall by little Joseph Hofmann drew rather over £600. On the other hand, the last recital given by the juvenile prodigy Mozart at the Swan and Hoop, Cornhill, in 1765, drew rather less than a five-pound note.



If any one doubts that musicians have more free time, leisure, and ease in England than in America, he only needs to look at the title of an organization like that which in the latter country is called the "Reed Club," but the English equivalent of which rejoices in the high-sounding title of "The Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society."

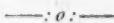


It seems that the mandoline is becoming quite a fashionable instrument among the Parisian *grandes dames*. At a large meeting of fashionable mandolinists the other day, a selection from "Lohengrin" was performed. We shall probably hear before long of the Overture to "Tannhäuser" being played by an orchestra of banjos.



WHEN Rubinstein was last giving pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall, he was one day accosted in a passage of the building by a lady, who explained that she was too poor to buy a ticket for the performance. She therefore begged the great man to give her one. "Madame," said Rubinstein, "the fact is that to-night I have but one seat in the house at my disposal; but if you do not mind occupying it, it is entirely at your service." "I am very much obliged. May I ask where the seat is?" inquired the delighted applicant. "At the piano," said the master, with his best bow. The lady was not present that night.

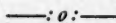
## Madame Schulz.



MADAME SCHULZ, who has lately become so fashionable at afternoon "at homes" in London as a performer on the xylophone and cymbalo, is a lady of wide musical culture. Her parents early resisted her musical impulses, and she was not allowed to learn music; but the ruling passion was too strong in her, and at the age of 18, having developed a beautiful voice, she sang in public under her own name, as Fanny Poole, until about 16 years ago she met her husband, M. Curt Schulz, a man of most ingenious and versatile musical abilities. Madame Schulz then retired, her voice failing her; but she could not bear to relinquish her art, and being already a fine pianiste, and a player on the xylophone in private, she determined to expand this unusual branch of instrumental music, and took to the cymbalo—or Hungarian cymbals—which during the last few years have brought her into great public notice and popularity. Besides playing at numerous concerts and parties, she assisted lately at one of Mr. Haweis' Special Sunday Evenings for the People, her instrument being

placed at the foot of the pulpit. The effect produced was extremely solemn and effective, and indeed Madame Schulz claims her instrument as the modern representative of the Bible psalterium. At Madame Schulz's concert at St. James's Hall in May her husband joined her in several concerted pieces arranged for the philomelo cymbalo, xylophone viol, and piano. Society is very hard up for novelty, and M. and Madame Curt Schulz have had the ability and enterprise to bring forward instrumental performances as novel in character as they are artistic and attractive. Madame Schulz dresses in old-fashioned Court costume, with powdered wig, and presents a very agreeable scenic appearance quite in character with her cymbalo and its old-world associations.

## Joachim and his Strad.



THE race for Strads grows hotter every year, and we are sorry to see so many attempts to confuse the public mind and persuade would-be buyers that a Strad is necessarily worth the extravagant prices now customarily asked for every authentic specimen. The musical press can hardly be too vigilant in this matter. The reputation of Stradivari himself is trifled with when poor or worn specimens of his work are extolled in language which might be suitable for the "Tuscan," the "Pucelle," or the "Messie." The curious story of the late presentation to Joachim of a fine Strad is just a case in point. Had not the *Pall Mall Gazette* protested, an instrument dear at £400 would have been bought for over £1000 and given to the great player, who, of course, would have been too polite to look a gift horse in the mouth. That little game, however, was stopped only just in time by a timely paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 25, stating a few undeniable facts. The writer called the notice of the Presentation Committee to the fact that Lady Lindsay's "Strad"—called the "Viotti Strad"—was what a leading violinist termed "the shell of a Strad"; that is, a Strad "worn" in tone—that it had been tampered with by Corsby of Wardour Street, and tinkered by Gand of Paris; bought by Meier, and sold by him to Chanot for £180; then to Lady Lindsay for between £500 and £600; and at last offered by her agents to the Joachim Committee for £1000. After all this damning record of the "Viotti Strad," and after its consequent withdrawal by the Joachim Committee, the *Daily Telegraph* still printed the assertion that Joachim was to have it—that £1000 was to be paid for it—that over £1500 (*sic*) had been subscribed, when it was notorious that nothing like that sum had then been raised, and that the committee had the greatest difficulty in getting up to £600. *Truth*, I am sorry to say, fell into the trap, and repeated the well-cooked tale. Now, all this can have been done but with one object—to keep up the price of the Viotti Strad. But the price could not be kept up. Its compulsory rejection, in the light of damning and undisputed facts, by the Joachim Committee, has finally disposed of the Lady Lindsay Strad as an altogether second-rate specimen. It would be well paid for at £400, and is not likely to fetch more than £300, and so there let the Corsby-Gand-Meier-Chanot-Lindsay Strad rest for the present.

And now, to turn for a moment from Stradivari to Joachim. Why, it may be asked, was it

so hard to raise about £1250 for Joachim's presentation Strad? Chiefly for two reasons. First, because it was known that he had already two Strads, both of them better even than the one given him lately, although that is a fine one; secondly, because not long ago a testimonial of £5000 was given to Dr. Joachim at Berlin. This money was popularly supposed to have been raised in Germany, but in fact it was largely contributed by his English admirers. In fact, the hat went round in all the English provinces, especially in the big northern towns. So, when the same people were re-applied to for the "Strad," they were a little slow to respond; but the thing has been done somehow, and of course every one is glad that any additional honour in this country should be paid to Dr. Joachim.

A word more about the fiddle that Sir F. Leighton presented to the great violinist in the spring. It bears a label 1715, and although a Strad of the very largest size and of robust constitution, being high in the sides, thick in wood, and pretty free from cracks, is not equal to the two he already possesses. It is a remarkable coincidence that Joachim now has three Strads all made in the same year, 1715, and of these three the one Joachim purchased himself in Budapest last year for £1000 is certainly the finest. However, the violin in question has many remarkable qualities, and is well adapted to stand the wear and tear of the great player's use. Still, it is to be regretted that on such an occasion, and to such a player, one of the half-a-dozen well-renowned Strads of European reputation has not been secured. Who may have been the advisers to the committee in this important matter we are at a loss to conjecture, and it would certainly be interesting to learn who recommended Lady Lindsay's Strad. All connoisseurs know about that fiddle, and but few would ever have dreamt of suggesting such a violin for a professional man, as it is essentially an amateur's fiddle, apart from its not being a perfect Strad. Another violin under consideration was one from the Wilmotte collection, but Joachim was given the opportunity of trying both, and preferred the tone of the one ultimately presented to him. It belonged to a Mr. Labitte, a French amateur and collector, and the price the committee gave for it was £1200. Mr. Labitte, like the Joachim family, is in the wool trade, and some years ago a nephew of Professor Joachim was with Mr. Labitte when he obtained this same fiddle for £800. Lately all the fiddle owners appear to have been doing extremely well, as the prices have very much risen.

The most useful part of the present after all has been the bow which accompanied the Labitte Strad. This bow for its playing qualities is one of the finest that exists, being extremely light and flexible. It is an octagon Tourte, mounted in gold, and belonged to the celebrated old player Rießewetter; after his death it has gone through the hands of three or four well-known collectors. Joachim many years ago wished to obtain this bow, but it has never been in the market until its late owner, a well-known London amateur, kindly placed it at the disposal of the committee for 50 guineas. Joachim has been looking out for a bow for the last few years, as he only possessed one bow, which he has used nearly all his life, and two or three seasons ago he had an accident with it, so this fine one comes as an even more acceptable gift than the fiddle.

"What a fuss about a fiddle!" sneers the outside world. True, but so it is, and fiddlers know the reason why. As to the general public, it seems no doubt

Strange that such difference there should be  
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!

## The First Night of the Opera Season.

"ALL'S well that ends well" is an old saying, but like many popular utterances it contains only part of the truth. A good end is an important matter, but when Mr. Augustus Harris opened Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday evening, May 18, he must have felt tempted to say, "All's well that begins well." A clean, bright-looking house, a brilliant audience, and a successful performance of Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," must have appeared to him happy omens. Mr. Harris, like other mortals, cannot command success, but he certainly does all he can to deserve it. He has energy and experience, and he certainly always tries to do his best. In order to strengthen the cause both of Italian and English opera, he entered, only a few weeks ago, into partnership with Mr. Carl Rosa, and on this the opening night many must have thought of the strange and apparently stern decree of fate which removed so suddenly a man whose services would have proved so helpful. How far this addition of strength would have made itself evident must remain for ever unknown. It is, however, satisfactory to know that Mr. Harris, though alone, is fully equal to his task.

The opera selected for the opening night was advertised as Bizet's masterpiece. It was written after the composer's visit to Rome, to which, as winner of the Grand Prix, he had become entitled. At that time this work probably deserved that title. But "Carmen" is of course his *opus magnum*. "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" was produced at the Theatre Lyrique in 1863. The French critics then found it too Wagnerian. There certainly are slight traces in it of Wagner; but other composers, French and Italian, notably Gounod and Verdi, had quite as much influence then over the young musician. One of the great features of the work is the constant flow of melody, though not so characteristic and refined as in "Carmen." Another point well worthy of notice is the clever and well-coloured instrumentation. There are some interesting and dramatic situations in the libretto; but, for all that, the story fails to interest. The *dramatis personæ* are stage puppets rather than ordinary flesh and blood beings. The action takes place in Ceylon. Leila, a beautiful Cingalese maiden, becomes a sort of Vestal virgin during the pearl-diving season. She promises to intercede with the powers above for the safety and success of the divers, and for her term of office, to banish love both from her lips and heart. But, to say nothing of the young lady's inclination, the librettist, for operatic purposes, makes her break her solemn vows. She has fascinated Zurga, the chief of her tribe, and Nadir, apparently a wanderer on the face of the earth. The former is bass, and the latter tenor, and therefore the successful lover. Nadir is discovered within the precincts of the Indian temple, whither the priestess Zeila has withdrawn. Both are sentenced to death by Zurga, but this chief, moved both by love and pity for the unfortunate maiden, permits—nay, plans their escape, and he himself ascends the funeral pyre prepared for them.

Some of the choral writing is effective, as, for example, the lively opening of the first act, and the prayers to Brahma in the first and second acts. The scene for Leila in the pagoda adjoin-

ing the Indian temple, if not suitably dramatic, is, at any rate, extremely showy. The last act can boast of one well-written bass solo, and a duet for soprano and bass, in which we can perceive a foreshadowing of the dramatic power afterwards displayed in "Carmen."

The performance of the opera was, as already stated, successful. M. Talazac, the French tenor, was a somewhat eccentric-looking lover, and his singing on this occasion was weak; but Signor d'Andrade made a capital Zurga, and Signor Miranda a sonorous priest. Miss Ella Russell, with her clear voice and brilliant vocalisation, created interest in a rôle which, in itself, is somewhat insipid. She was at her best, and her flights into the higher regions of song frequently won for her much applause.

The chorus was first-rate, and Signor Mancinelli conducted with his usual zeal and intelligence. He directs a splendid band, with Mr. Carrodus as *chef d'attaque*.

The Princess of Wales, with the three young Princesses and the Duchess of Edinburgh, were in the royal box, and they came in time to hear the National Anthem sung by the chorus. Of other notabilities present may be mentioned Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lord and Lady Dudley, and Lady Randolph Churchill. The long list of subscribers for the present season, including many illustrious names, is a guarantee that the undertaking will prove a financial success. And that it will prove an artistic one, there is also no reason to doubt.

J. S. S.

## The Story of Ernst's Elegie.

IT was at Nice, more than a quarter of a century ago, that I had the happiness of hearing Ernst's famous Elegie played as only the composer himself could play it. I was quite a young girl in those days, and living with an aunt whose delicate health did not allow her to go out much of an evening, and I was full of delight and gratitude when a certain kind friend of hers offered to take me with her to one of Madame de —'s weekly *soirées*.

"I believe Ernst and his wife are to be there," added Mrs. Vivian, with one of her good-natured smiles. "I know how fond you are of music, Maggie, and as you have never heard him, I think you have something to look forward to. Be ready at eight and I will call for you, and mind you do not keep the horses a single instant waiting."

Long before eight I was ready, and almost wild with impatience. The house we were going to was unknown to me except by reputation, but I had heard of it as the abode of a very talented and charming lady who had once been a public singer of no inconsiderable celebrity.

She had married very well, and retired into private life several years ago, but she had not lost her passion for music, and some people said she was still a Bohemian at heart. Anyhow her parties were considered to be very pleasant ones, and well worth going to. She was standing near the door of her *salon* when Mrs. Vivian and I were announced, and shook hands cordially with a frank winning smile, not specially reserved for our benefit evidently, as it seemed to be the expression that her face habitually wore.

"My husband is here somewhere—not far off," she said in very tolerable English, pretend-

ing to look round for him so as to give us an excuse for moving on, while she turned to welcome some fresh arrivals.

The rooms were very large, and well furnished, in a quaint artistic way, not so common in those days as it has since become. Having only been out a very short time, I had not many acquaintances at Nice, and felt somewhat alone in a crowd till I caught sight of an English girl a few years older than myself.

"How are you?" she said, stretching out her long neck to speak to me behind her fan in a half-whisper, and making signs that there was a seat to be had beside her. "I don't think I ever saw you at a party before, did I? They are not often as dull as this is, let me tell you for your comfort. Sh—sh—Somebody is going to sing, and mother is making dreadful faces at me. Oh! why are we not back in dear old England, where the end and aim of all music is to encourage conversation!"

The levity of Miss Tyrrell's remarks shocked me. I looked into her merry blue eyes with reproachful surprise, which had only the effect of making her laugh, or rather giggle, in an undertone.

"One can see that you are very newly emancipated," said she, with amusing toleration. "You are evidently scandalized at my naughtiness. But I assure you that nobody is shocked at anything now-a-days, and very soon we shall have forgotten even what it is to be surprised."

I found Miss Tyrrell rather a congenial spirit sometimes, but just now she rather jarred upon me. I had come prepared to enjoy the music, and all she did was to turn it into ridicule. Besides, I had no wish to disgrace either my chaperon or myself by being guilty of a flagrant sin against foreign etiquette. So directly the song was over, I managed to leave my frivolous neighbour to her own devices; not, however, before she had time almost to upset my good resolutions by remarking, *sotto voce*—

"I do like to watch people when they are listening to music. If you notice, they one and all have a sort of fixed, miserable expression;" and indeed it is impossible to deny that, as a rule, this is true at any rate in England, where we are so apt to "take our pleasure sadly."

"Where have you been, my dear?" asked Mrs. Vivian as I joined her, and, without waiting for a reply, she introduced me to two or three people who formed part of the little group in which she was sitting, at the upper end of the room, and near the piano, as I noted with great satisfaction.

My chaperon was an amiable, well-preserved old lady, with a smart cap, and a great talent for conversation at sometimes rather inconvenient moments. She was proud of her appearance, and, with the air of imparting a State secret, would announce her age to everybody, apparently in strict confidence: "I have undergone repairs, it is true," she would own, "but still for seventy-six I am not so bad, am I?" I do not think she cared much for music, nor did she understand it, but she was far too much a woman of the world to shock anybody's prejudices by announcing the fact in a mixed assembly.

"Who is that?" she inquired, with some interest, as a very original, piquant-looking person went by in a brocaded sacque, with her fair curls lightly powdered with gold dust.

"That is Comtesse Hilda v. Löwenbart," replied Count Frohendorf, smiling, as the young lady coolly raised her eyeglass to stare at him in an impudent, roguish fashion, at the same time acknowledging his salute with a wave of her ungloved fingers.

"She is a *compatriote* of mine, and what you in England would call a unique specimen of a fast young lady," he at once said.

"She does not look so very young," said Mrs. Vivian, looking rather critically after the slim receding figure. "About how old do you suppose she is?"

"*Elle a vingt huit ans—mais elle les gardera longtemps,*" shrewdly replied a French lady whom we knew, looking round to speak to us. "She says very extraordinary things," she continued. "My son told her yesterday that one of her friends was going to be married. '*Encore un qui m'échappe!*' cried she, and added half apologetically, '*Le mariage est le but de toute femme honnête.*'"

I was too young and too ill at ease to do more than join in with a laugh at all this animated talk. I began to long for more music to make a diversion, though I am not sure that the general public as a rule does not prefer the sound of its own voice to every other sort of harmony. But I heard a sort of murmur of approbation as a slight dark man advanced towards the piano and began to take a violin out of its case with gentle deliberation.

"Bravo! here is Ernst at last," said Count Frohendorf, with a kindly-amused look in my direction.

Madame de — glided up to him with a whispered request, and he bent his head in acquiescence, continuing all the time to tune his instrument.

"I have asked him to play the 'Elegie,'" explained our hostess, stopping for a moment to speak to us as she returned to her place. "Sad as it is, there is nothing like it. One can never hear it sufficiently often. I am sure you will all agree with me."

As the accompanist played the opening bars, Ernst looked up and surveyed his audience, and then, for the first time, I saw him face to face. What struck me most was his peculiarly sallow, unhealthy look, and the wistful, pathetic expression of his dark hollow eyes. I do not think I have ever seen any one look at the same time so ill and so intensely sorrowful.

The evident fragility of the artist seemed to lend additional force to the character of the music he was playing. One remembered that it was his own creation, and it appeared to be his own story that he was pouring forth in those passionate, despairing notes.

The gossiping, trifling tongues were at last hushed and silent; I could read a tale of half-unwilling interest in Miss Tyrrell's merry eyes, and even Countess Hilda's impertinent, *chiffonné* features looked sympathetic and compassionate. I am not sure that it is the proper thing to cry over music in public, however allowable, and even laudable a thing it may be to do at the theatre. But I saw two or three pocket-handkerchiefs more or less freely used before the Elegie was finished, and a very inconvenient lump rose in my own throat, and made me hope devoutly that nobody would address me just at present.

Mrs. Vivian, as I have said before, knew little of music, but I saw her cap moving up and down with an admirably-acted air of keen appreciation. "I must go and be introduced to Monsieur and Madame Ernst," she said, rising and smiling benignly. "I will ask them to come and meet the Ingatestones next week at dinner—you know Lord Ingatestone is mad about music, and does not mind meeting *all sorts of people*." I only hope," she added, chuckling, "that Ernst will not say, like Sivori, '*Mon violon ne dine pas!*'"

She trotted off, and I looked longingly after her, hoping that my turn for an introduction would come ere long. Madame Ernst was near her husband, and though I could not hear her voice, I saw her rise and respond with apparent readiness and pleasure to all the pretty things

which my chaperon no doubt was saying to her. She was a big woman, what is called a "fine" woman; she had large white shoulders and a commanding presence; there was something resolute, courageous, almost defiant about her. Very marked and striking was the contrast between her husband and herself, as they stood side by side by the piano. Her stately, erect form seemed to tower over his stooping, shrunken body, and his tender, mournful expression looked sadder than ever compared with her cheery smile.

"Ernst's wife is devoted to him," remarked Count Frohendorf, observing my interest in this singular couple. "He suffers cruelly from asthma, and they say he cannot live long, but I do not think he would be alive now, if it were not for the care she takes of him. I sometimes wonder whether he has ever told her the story of the Elegie."

"What is the story of it?" I asked with youthful inquisitiveness, and Count Frohendorf replied in his easy, friendly fashion,—

"If you will take my arm and come into the next room to have an ice or some lemonade, I will do my best to tell you all about it. You need not be afraid of a scolding," he continued reassuringly. "With an old grey-headed fogey like myself, even your national bugbear, Mrs. Grundy, will have nothing at all to say."

I smiled and consented willingly, for I liked Count Frohendorf, who was a tolerably frequent visitor at my aunt's house, and a pleasant, middle-aged man of the world, with a grizzled moustache, and a facility for saying the right thing at the right moment. "And what did you think of the Elegie?" he asked, when he had found me an ice and a chair in a secluded corner.

"I thought it very wonderful—almost magical," I replied earnestly. "It reminded me somehow of the story of Orpheus and his lute. I don't mean the music itself, but the curious power it seemed to exercise over everybody, keeping them silent not only from politeness, but with their attention fixed as though they could not help themselves."

"I have often noticed that before," said my companion reflectively; "that is to say, of course, when Ernst was playing that particular composition. It seems to have been written with his very heart's blood. I will tell you the history of it, and then you will judge whether he has not paid dearly for that marvellous inspiration. In the first place, then, he and I are more or less of the same age, and his native city, like mine, is Vienna. I suppose that no one who is present here to-night remembers him as long as I do, but I do not happen to know much of his earliest years. He was, I imagine, an orphan, and too friendless and poor to have any prospect of cultivating his extraordinary talent for music. By some accident he happened to attract the attention of a rich Viennese merchant who was passionately fond of music—a widower with an only daughter. Monsieur Schmidt—that was his name—was one of those enthusiastic beings who are never without a hobby of some kind or other, and moreover constantly imagine themselves to be on the brink of some important discovery. Intending some day, no doubt, to astonish the world by the appearance of a prodigy, he took young Ernst into his own house, provided him with the best masters that money could procure, and proceeded in the intervals of business to watch the progress of his musical education with the keenest interest and delight.

"So far, so good. The boy was as industrious as he was talented, and his patron had no reason to suspect him either of idleness or of ingratitude. But great was his indignation and

surprise, when one day young Ernst timidly confessed to him that he had fallen in love with his daughter—the fair and gentle Lina—that he had reason to suppose that his feelings were reciprocated, and that in fact during her father's recent short absence from home the young couple had pledged their faith to each other, exchanging heartfelt vows of unalterable affection.

"The worthy Schmidt was angry, very angry indeed. He was fond of young Heinrich in his own way, but his daughter was the very pride and joy of his life, and in his own mind he had long decided on a brilliant match for her. He at first tried to laugh the whole affair to scorn, but finding this would not do, he used some very strong language, and finally ordered the young man imperiously out of his sight, refusing to hear another word on the subject for the present.

"The next morning Ernst was sent for, and betook himself to his patron's private sanctum with an unshaken resolve, but some natural trepidation. Schmidt was smoking a long pipe with a slightly less ferocious expression than his countenance had worn the day before. Lina sat by him with her knitting, her eyes looking rather red and woe-begone as she raised them for one instant to her lover's face.

"How old are you, Heinrich?" asked her father in his peremptory but not unkindly fashion.

"I was nineteen last February," the boy replied, wavering between hope and fear.

"Gut! And you, Lina, are seventeen; is it not so? Now, you will not, I suppose, allow that you are a couple of fools, but you cannot, at any rate, deny that you are very young—too young by many years to marry. As to fools, perhaps I have been of us three the greatest, neither have I any longer the plea of youth to excuse me. I find, to my sorrow, Heinrich, that you are right; my daughter loves you, so she says, and no other will she marry. I have not sent for you to give my consent to what I think mere childish folly; but unjust I do not wish to be, and so I will not be angry any more. I am sorrowful, for I think for yourselves you are imprudent and mistaken, and all the more do I regret it because, as I say, the fault is partly mine. What I say, then, is this: To-morrow you, Heinrich, leave my house. You shall not go in disgrace or without the means of existence, but for all that go you must, because it is best. For seven years from this time you will neither return here nor hold any communication with any member of my family, save only with my bankers, who will supply you with a certain annual sum at my request. You will go to Paris, and there pursue your musical studies with industry and zeal. In seven years from to-day you may return here, and then—I make no promises, I pledge myself to nothing, I only say, *we will see!*

"Seven years! it is a long time, is it not so, mein Fräulein? It seemed so, no doubt, to poor Jacob, waiting for his Rachel, and I am sure to poor Heinrich it seemed an eternity as he turned his back on Vienna and his Lina, and journeyed westwards with a heavy heart.

"Well, the time went by somehow, bringing the young fellow fame and fortune, but leaving his faithful heart unchanged. At last came the blissful day to which he had so long and impatiently looked forward. Not a word had he heard of his love, but he never doubted her ruth and constancy.

"He entered the well-known street, and drew nearer and nearer to the house of his beloved. But his heart seemed to stand still as he drew nearer, for the wide *porte-cochère* was hung with black. The poor lad rushed on somehow,

hardly knowing what he was doing, neither seeing nor recognising those who stood in his pathway. At last he fell on his knees beside an open coffin in which, covered with flowers as white and innocent as herself, lay the dear dead maiden he had loved so well, and for whose sake he had toiled on so bravely up the steep steps of fame. Her eyes were fast shut, but her sweet mouth was smiling. She seemed to be happy and content, dreaming pleasant dreams in that far-off land from whence there is no returning.

"Ernst was never a strong man, and the shock was so great that it seemed at first as if he never would rally from it. He fell ill with brain fever, and by the time he recovered consciousness his Lina was buried. His violin seemed to be the only friend he had left in the world, and to it alone did he confide a grief too deep for words.

"Thus it came to pass that in the first sad days of his loneliness, the Elegie was composed, and by and by committed to paper. I suppose that to most people who know its history, it conveys simply the expression of utter despair. But does it not strike you as it does me, that instead of addressing his tale to a human auditor, however sympathetic, Ernst seems rather to be relating it to his lost love herself, and telling her how he has worked for her, longed for her, and kept faith with her for seven long years, only to come back and find her gone? And that change to the major key near the end seems to me also very remarkable. It speaks not so much of resignation and submission (for these seem to me meek and hopeless words) as of unearthly joy and consolation breaking at last like sunlight through the gloomy clouds of sorrow, of a brave and sublime resolve to wait on faithfully through life's few and fleeting years in the certainty of eternal reunion."

"It is difficult to take all that in the first time," I observed, after a moment's silence. "If ever I am fortunate enough to hear it again, I shall be better able to tell you what I think. And the present Mme. Ernst?" I added, as we rose and went in search of my chaperon. "I wonder how much or how little she knows!"

"That I cannot tell you," said Count Frohendorf, smiling; "nor do I know when or where he married her. As I said before, she is an excellent wife, and to all appearance a happy one, though his health must cause her cruel anxiety at times. Now here they both are, and here is Mrs. Vivian, who must be surprised at your long absence, though you will, I hope, be able to account for it satisfactorily."

Mrs. Vivian was neither surprised nor shocked apparently, but she seemed to think it was time to be going. I was seized with a panic of shyness on finding myself introduced to M. and Mme. Ernst, but they were both so pleasant and so easy to get on with that I registered a vow that I would persuade my aunt to call upon them as soon as possible.

She did so very shortly, and we had many delightful meetings during the remainder of the time we stayed at Nice, sometimes in society, but more frequently when they came to dine with us and sit out afterwards on the terrace belonging to our villa, and hanging over the garden full of orange and lemon trees. I often think of those pleasant days, and how I used to look furtively at the artist, and wonder how far the sad story of the Elegie would account for his gentle, subdued manner, and pathetic, mournful expression.

Most probably it had nothing to say to either, for in spite of poets and novelists, I do not believe that grief, however real and profound, often leaves abiding traces on either face or character. Time heals all sorrows, as we know,

and most likely it was bodily rather than mental suffering that had dug those deep hollows in his cheeks, and given him that patient, careworn look. Nevertheless, it may be true that "in every face there is either a history or a prophecy."

I liked the Elegie better than anything he played, but somehow or other Mme. Ernst always, if possible, dissuaded us from asking for it. At first she made various excuses, saying that we must be tired of it, and so on. But when we became more intimate, she told me one day more seriously that the truth was that her husband could never play it without being more or less "angegriffen," in other words, it "took out of him," to use our expressive English phrase, and wrought him up to a pitch of nervous excitement which was afterwards followed by hours of fatigue and depression.

As a rule, he had the calm, languid manner of a sick person forbidden to excite himself, but he could be cheerful too at times, with a gentle, almost childlike gaiety that made his character a very loveable one.

I took leave of our new friends with much regret when my aunt's affairs and the increasing warmth of the pleasant spring days obliged us to leave Nice and return to England. Ernst was not so well as usual on the morning of our departure, but his wife appeared at the carriage window as we were driving off, with an immense and fragrant bouquet of lovely Parma violets.

"Auf Wiedersehen!" cried she with a joyous smile, and it seemed to me that in these two words she repeated the last phrase of the Elegie, which, alas! I was destined never to hear again.

The next time I saw Mme. Ernst she was no longer smiling, though all her anxieties about her husband were at an end for ever. I had also lost the aunt who had been more than a mother to me. I called on her at her little apartment in Paris, and she came out to meet me from an inner room, with both hands outstretched and her long untidy black draperies trailing far behind her.

"Ah, mademoiselle, nous nous revoyons après bien des malheurs!" said she, in her deep vibrating voice, and then the poor lonely woman sat down by my side and wept.

I had no words with which to comfort so great a grief. I sat still in dumb but heartfelt sympathy, wistfully eyeing my old friend the Stradivarius, which was dumb also, and resting as if asleep in its battered, well-worn case. Then the thought struck me that what causes bitter sorrow to one person may bring joy to another, that truly peace and repose had followed a patient life of almost daily suffering, and that also perhaps in the final meeting of two loving souls long parted, the story of Ernst's Elegie had come to a happy end at last.

VERA.

## Musical Life in London.

THE merry month of May, though often quoted, is hardly known to us in the sense in which the adjective was first wedded to the month. But if concerts and entertainments can make us merry, we are merrier year by year. And the concerts are well worth hearing; the difficulty is to choose which to hear and which to forego. Richter's concerts on Mondays, Hallé's on Fridays,

Sarasate's on Saturdays, supply music for half the week, while recitals, choirs, quartets, orchestral concerts, and varied entertainments more than fill up the remaining days.

Those who specially delighted in the Pops make a point of reserving their Friday afternoons for Sir Charles Hallé's chamber concerts of classical music, where Lady Hallé is again to be heard with Messrs. Ries, and Straus, and Franz Neruda instead of the veteran Piatti. The first concert was on May 10th, and opened with Cherubini's quartet in E major; the second movement (Larghetto) is very peculiar, slumbrous, and dreamy, rather contagious in its effect on a spring afternoon in St. James's Hall. Two of Schubert's impromptus were delicately played by Sir Charles. Lady Hallé joined him in Beethoven's Grand Sonata in G, Op. 96, and the fourth and last work given was Dvorák's Quintet in A, Op. 81, which was heartily enjoyed and applauded. At the second concert only Sir Charles and Lady Hallé and Herr Franz Neruda appeared. The works performed were two Trios by Martucci and Schumann, Brahms's Sonata in A, Op. 100, for pianoforte and violin, and Beethoven's beautiful Sonata, Op. 10, No. 1, in C minor. These concerts will continue until the end of June, and summer visitors to London cannot have a better opportunity of hearing the best classical music adequately rendered.

The Richter concerts have begun satisfactorily as usual. The great Viennese conductor always commands a large and appreciative audience. Under his baton, Wagner can be heard to better advantage than anywhere else in England, and that alone makes his coming an event.

The first concert consisted of works by Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, and Wagner. The second had a smaller audience, and the music given included Schumann's Symphony in B flat, Mozart's Symphony in D, Beethoven's 3rd Leonora Overture, and Glinka's Wedding and Dance Song Fantasia. The third consisted entirely of Wagner's works, in commemoration of his birthday.

Señor Sarasate's first concert, May 11th, drew a great crowd of admirers, as usual. Our cooler temperaments are deeply stirred by the fire and fascination of Sarasate's playing and personality. He played Bruch's concerto in D minor, a fantasia on airs from "Carmen," a piece by Raff, and a Bolero of his own. Liszt's "Tasso" and Mendelssohn's "Athalie" Overture were also given under the conductorship of Mr. Cusins.

On May 4th, Dr. Parry's "Judith" was performed by the Bach Choir at St. James's Hall. The solos were given by Mr. Lloyd, Miss A. Williams, Miss Lena Little, and Mr. Watkin Mills; Masters Lionel Wynne and Frank Lambert. Dr. Parry was present; he received two ovations, and looked greatly pleased with the performance of his highly interesting music. The story is very painful, and the music of "Judith" most exacting, but Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Lloyd sang magnificently. Miss Lena Little's voice is not so suited to the music of Meshullemeth as Madame Patey's. Professor Stanford conducted, and Mr. Frederic Cliffe was the organist. There was a large audience, and the work received careful attention.

At two of the daily Crystal Palace concerts, Miss Ethel and Master Harold Bauer have appeared as pianists. Miss Bauer's performance was in Schumann's Concerto in A, which she played admirably, according to Madame Schumann's version of her husband's music. The great difficulties of the finale were most successfully overcome by the young pianist, who was warmly applauded and recalled. Harold

Bauer, who is chiefly known as a violinist, showed his versatile talent by his rendering of Grieg's pianoforte Concerto in A, and the slow movement from Spohr's Ninth Concerto.

Miss Fanny Davies's concert, at Princes' Hall, on May 9th, was one of great interest. A new work by Brahms was an announcement certain to draw a good audience, and they were well rewarded by the treat provided for them. Miss F. Davies at the piano and Herr Strauss on the violin were able interpreters of this great master's music. To use the words of a well-known critic: "The new Sonata" (by Brahms) "sets forth in a manner unmistakable the predominating characteristics of its composer's art; but so do many of his works which have little else in common, and are of different values. Brahms, in a very high sense, is an unequal master. While he writes nothing which musicians do not find brimful of technical interest, he sometimes produces music wanting more or less in the recognised signs of inspiration, and suggestive rather of a task than a delight. Let us say at once that the Sonata in D minor does not belong to this class. It is as characteristic of the master as any example we know, while, more than most, possessed by the spirit of beauty, which constitutes the highest mark of genius. Were we asked to define the work in a word or two, the answer would probably be that it is a gently reflective Sonata. As may be supposed, the third movement, or Scherzo, breaks into animated life, and in the Finale there are passages of much energy; nevertheless the description of the music as deeply and tenderly subjective holds good. To this end the two instruments employed are made one in spirit and utterance, neither standing out from the other for the mere effect of contrast, or for any reason of the same kind. The Sonata is a single, not a dual expression, and the piano and violin commune with each other in perfect accord, without a thought for the rest of the world. This is the distinguishing mark of the first two movements especially, and of the opening Allegro more particularly, which section one can hear again and again with no sense of flagging delight. But the more generally popular movement may turn out to be the second, whereof the theme is that of one of the composer's songs. A broad and beautiful melody, treated with infinite resource, will secure for this part of the work universal applause. The Scherzo is equally charming of its kind, and only in the Finale, sensible of a falling off, do we incline to believe that the stream of inspiration is running dry. On this point, however, we shall better speak after further acquaintance, the main consideration now being that Brahms has unquestionably added a masterpiece to the world's store of art. The new work was played with great skill, keen appreciation, and all necessary enthusiasm, by Miss Davies and Mr. Strauss, who may be congratulated on having had so good a subject for their skill." Miss Davies also played Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 11, and accompanied Mesdames Fillunger and Hilda Wilson, and MM. Shakespeare and Ffrangcon Davies in Schumann's delightful "Spanisches Liederspiel," in which all did their parts equally well. Miss Fillunger is a true singer; her voice is pure, powerful, and free from vibrato.

Madame Frickenhaus gave a recital at Princes' Hall on May 4th. Her selection was very large, consisting of works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Rameau, Mozart, Liszt, Kjerulf, Jensen, W. Macfarren, E. Schütt, Schumann, Chopin, Henselt, and Moskowski. A shorter programme of pianoforte works, and the introduction of some songs, would have been an improvement, for such a long list of pieces was a

strain upon hearer and performers. However, Madame Frickenhaus was equal to the occasion, and the audience encored her three times, although she naturally declined the compliment.

"The Shinner Quartett" Concert was a decided success. It took place at Princes' Hall on the 15th May. The audience was good, and very sympathetic. It was a pretty sight when the four ladies emerged upon the platform, all clad in creamy white, and looking like Muses. Miss Emily Shinner especially presented a most dainty appearance; she and her violin look as akin to each other as Cupid and his bow, or Orpheus and his lute; and Miss Zimmermann, when she joined the quartett, added dignity to its grace. Schubert's Quartett (D minor, posthumous) did not suit the quartett so well as did Brahms' noble Quintet, splendidly played, with Miss Zimmermann at the pianoforte. Miss Shinner played, with her, Spohr's violin Concerto No. 8 most exquisitely, and with enthusiastic applause. Madame Zimmermann's firm and brilliant playing was most valuable in the Quintet; and her rendering of a Suite by Scarlatti could not have been improved. A thrill of amusement passed through the room when, all being ready for the first note of Brahms, an intrusive clock began to chime four quarters, and then, after a pause, very deliberately to strike ten. Miss Zimmermann waited till this performance was over before she would lead off.

Other concerts have been given by Miss Meredith Elliott, Mr. Ernest Kiver, Miss Schirmacher, Herr Carl Schulz (on the zither), the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, and others. In the suburbs, also, many concerts have taken place; we select two for notice here. The Streatham Choral Society, under Mr. Charles Stewart Macpherson's conductorship, gave Sullivan's "Golden Legend" on May 3, at the Streatham Town Hall. The soloists were Miss Kate Norman, Miss Greta Williams, Mr. Braxton-Smith, Mr. Chas. Copland, and Mr. J. Gritton. The accompanists were Mr. Herbert Lake and Mr. W. Kipps, with Mr. W. Rivers on the bells, specially constructed for the "Golden Legend." This choir is showing the marked improvement which is to be expected from its talented conductor. The choruses were exceptionally well sung, the articulation good, and the light and shade well preserved. Miss Norman's singing is always good and artistic. The performance altogether was highly creditable, and encouraging to conductor and choir.

At Upper Norwood, Miss Alice Gomez was the great attraction at a concert given, May 2, by Miss Reichert, who is herself a good performer on the pianoforte. Our space forbids us to do more than mention this and other concerts.

## Franz Schubert.

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

**P**ERHAPS one of the saddest stories in the whole range of musical biography is that of Franz Schubert, the founder of German Song. It is a story of little incident—a mere monotonous record of increasing toil, of desperate but ever unsuccessful struggles against an untoward fate, of immortal works poured out with the reckless lavishness of which only true genius is capable; lastly, of the early death of an obscure Viennese musician, unmourned save by his little circle of devoted personal friends. Then, as will hereafter be seen, began a long series of posthumous

triumphs and successes. Love, admiration, fame, all that makes life precious, were heaped upon the name of Schubert, too late, alas! now that the light of genius was extinct.

Even in childhood Franz Schubert was not without his troubles and anxieties. His father held the post of parish schoolmaster in the Lichtenthal, a district of Vienna. He married twice, and had no less than nineteen children in all, though of these fortunately only nine survived infancy. Franz, who was born on January 31, 1797, was the youngest but one of the first family. His father and his two elder brothers, Ignaz and Ferdinand, who were also schoolmasters, had necessarily some knowledge of music, and from them the little Franz learnt the rudiments of the piano and violin when in his eighth year.

His first regular teacher was the choirmaster of the parish church, Michael Holzer, under whom he studied the organ, thorough-bass, and singing, in addition to the two instruments already mentioned. Holzer was, probably, a not very profound musician, for he seems, from the very first, to have been lost in amazement at the extraordinary attainments of his little pupil, to whom he declared he could teach nothing that he did not already know.

At the age of ten Franz was first soprano at the Lichtenthal parish church, where his fine voice and method attracted so much attention that, a year later, he found no difficulty in gaining admittance to the choir of the Imperial Chapel, and consequently to the Convict or school in connection with the chapel. Here he made good progress in the technicalities of his art, thanks to the opportunities he enjoyed of constant practice in the school band, where the best classical works were daily studied. Franz soon attained the position of first violin in this boy's orchestra, and was sometimes entrusted with the leadership in the absence of the regular director. No doubt the musical atmosphere in which he lived during his five years at the Convict stimulated the rage for composition by which he appears to have been possessed from early boyhood. Ambitious and elaborate works such as operas, symphonies, and masses flowed from his pen in quick succession; indeed, his inspiration seems only to have been checked by such a mundane consideration as an insufficient supply of music-paper.

So far from being able to provide himself with the necessary materials for his work, it is evident that Franz had not even sufficient pocket-money to supplement the scanty meals of the Convict, for in a piteous letter to his elder brother Ferdinand, he begs for a few kreutzers monthly with which to buy a roll or an apple or two when waiting "eight hours and a half after a poor dinner for a meagre supper."

Life at the Convict was evidently not all rose-colour, for we are told that the practice-room was never heated in winter, and that the cold was something fearful. Still the young Schubert found many compensations in his lot. He made numerous friends, who held by him with the most unflinching belief and admiration in after-life. His crude, boyish works were often performed at the Thursday concerts given by the pupils, and thus he had excellent opportunities of gaining experience in orchestral effects. Lastly, Salieri, who was at that time one of the two court Kapellmeisters, took a great interest in the clever boy, to whom he gave personal instruction in harmony, both during his period of pupilage at the Convict, and for some years after he left.

The majority of the compositions written during his schoolboy days Schubert destroyed, recognising, sensibly enough, that they were

but 'prentice work. Of those which have been preserved, perhaps the most important are a grand Fantasia for four hands, known as the "Corpse Fantasia," and a lengthy song, extending over twenty-eight pages, called "Hagar's Klage." The former was written at the age of thirteen, and the latter a year later.

In 1813, Schubert, then in his seventeenth year, left the Convict, and, after a few months of the necessary training, entered his father's school as teacher to the lowest class. Here, although the work was utterly repugnant to him, he remained for three weary years. In spite, however, of the calls upon his time, this was the most productive period of his life, when, moreover, some of his very finest works were given to the world. Among the most interesting musical events connected with this time of drudgery may be noted the composition of the Mass in F, for a Church Festival, at the performance of which Salieri was present. At the conclusion, the young composer was embraced by his master, and presented with a new five-octave piano by his delighted father. The year 1815 is distinguished by the composition of the "Erl-könig," and the following year by that of "Der Wanderer," almost incredible as it may appear that these immortal creations could have been the work of a lad in his teens. To 1816 is also due the "Jubilee Cantata," which was composed in honour of Salieri's fiftieth year of service to the Emperor, and performed at a gathering of relations and friends, together with several other compositions by pupils of the old master.

For another *pièce d'occasion*, known as the "Prometheus" Cantata, Schubert received his first earnings, in the shape of forty florins, the florin then being only worth a franc. Among the other important works due to this period, we can only mention three or four symphonies, numerous sonatas, trios, and quartets, besides a whole series of ill-fated operettas or music-dramas. Schubert had, as was entirely natural to his dramatic genius, an irresistible attraction to the stage. Unfortunately, he exercised but little care or judgment in the choice of his librettos; everything seems to have been grist that came to his mill, for he fell upon each trashy text-book that was offered him with as much eagerness as if it had been the most profound work of genius. To this fact must be attributed the utter failure of any of his operatic works to hold the stage, at least in his own lifetime. Of late years one or two have been successfully produced on the Continent; but in each case it has been found necessary to entirely re-write the libretto. Those of his early operettas which will be best known by name to the English reader are "Des Teufel's Lustschloss" by Kotzebue (of which the second act has been accidentally destroyed), and "Die beiden Freunde von Salamanca," by his friend Mayrhofer.

At the end of 1816, able to endure the drudgery of teaching no longer, Schubert applied for the post of director to a newly-founded music-school at Laibach. This he failed to obtain; but the time of his deliverance was at hand. A young man named Schober, with whom Schubert had recently become acquainted, invited the young schoolmaster to come and live with him, apparently free from all expense. The offer was gladly accepted, and at last Schubert found himself his own master and free to employ his time as he chose, although his position was, it must be owned, a somewhat anomalous one. The arrangement was brought to an end, however, after six months, by the arrival of an officer brother of Schober's, in whose favour Schubert had to retire. The young composer then joined company with his friend Mayrhofer, the poet, whose lodgings he shared for the two

following years. It seems probable that Schubert was dependent for the greater part of this time upon the bounty of his friends, for we do not hear of his earning anything either by teaching or composition.

The year 1817 is marked by the introduction of Schubert to the celebrated opera-singer Vogl, who is now chiefly remembered as the first and greatest exponent of his young friend's songs, many of which were written expressly for him. Vogl, who was at this time nearly fifty years of age, possessed a baritone voice of very unusual compass. He seems also to have been a man of greater intellectual attainments than were at all common in opera-singers at that date. He quickly recognised the extraordinary merit of Schubert's songs, which he rightly terms "divine inspirations" and "utterances of a musical clairvoyance." At this time the Lied proper was scarcely ever heard at concerts, its place being taken by operatic *scenas* and *arias*; but Vogl introduced the "Erl-king," the "Wanderer," and others, both on public and private occasions, until at length he attracted some attention to the obscure young composer.

In the summer of 1818, Schubert obtained a temporary engagement as music-master in the family of Count Johann Esterhazy, and spent some months with his employers at their country house in Hungary. The Count and Countess and their children seem to have been accomplished musical amateurs; but Schubert complains in one of his letters that "no one here cares for true art, unless it be now and then the Countess." It is evident that, although the family circle was pleasant enough, and the comfort of his surroundings far greater than he had ever experienced before, still he was ever pining for his native city, with all the *Heimweh* of a mountaineer for his Alps. "Beloved Vienna," he writes to his favourite brother Ferdinand, "all that is dear and valuable to me is there, and nothing but the actual sight of it will stop my longing." It is generally believed that Schubert became inspired with a hopeless passion for Caroline Esterhazy, the Count's youngest daughter; but as she was, at this date, only eleven years of age, the *affaire du cœur*, if any there were, must have taken place at a later period.

## Rubinstein's Reading of Bach.

### CHAPTER III.

THE seventh Prelude of the first book in E flat, as Rubinstein plays it, makes it one of the most interesting studies to pianoforte students to be found. It is amongst the very difficult ones, and needs not only quick and clever fingers, but also a quick and clever brain.

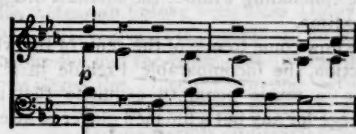
It is generally read by most players *lento moderato* as Czerny has marked it, but Rubinstein takes it less slowly, *moderato* without the *lento*, the first five bars under his fingers sounding somewhat like an improvisation, the minims and semibreves singing all through with a distinguishable difference of tone, and the semi- and demi-semiquavers being played, not rapidly nor lightly, but evenly, roundly, and smoothly; in fact, to use Schumann's well-worn expression, like chains of roundest pearls, the touch being firm and clear, never hard nor metallic.

Czerny reads the first two bars *piano*, the second two *crescendo*, the fifth, sixth, seventh,

and eighth bars *forte*, with a *sforzando* on the first note of the eighth, and a *diminuendo* coming in in the ninth, the tenth bar where canonic subject commences being played *piano*.

Rubinstein's idea is utterly different.

He plays the first nine bars gracefully and with all possible concern, but you feel as he plays it is not till the tenth bar is reached that the real interest commences. Here we have Bach in his most serious humour, and the splendid four-part imitation must receive all our undivided attention, for we have plunged deep into musical science, and it is just at this tenth bar we find a very palpable error in Czerny's edition, which is as follows:—



\* The Bach Gesellschaft edition giving instead:—



which is clearly right, for the canon



commences in the tenor, is then given in the bass, next in the alto, and finally in the soprano.

The next fifteen bars contain some very difficult part-playing, the four voices singing against each other all through continuously. Then at bar twenty-five we have a new feature, the motive in the alto, afterwards imitated by the soprano, which is played by Rubinstein with charming roundness of touch and clearness, although he leaves out the staccato put in by Czerny on the two quaver E's, bar twenty-six.

For the rest Rubinstein plays without *nuance*.

Czerny has innumerable *fortes*, *pianos*, *crescendos*, etc., but Rubinstein merely contents himself—as Bülow also—with giving great prominence to the subject of imitation first heard in bar ten, when it occurs; singing all the minims intelligibly and playing the semi-quavers against these with a charming contrast of touch.

The Fugue following, written for three voices, Rubinstein plays in a markedly manly, robust, bold, and even jovial manner, every note of the subject



being clear cut and ringing, each voice as it takes it up singing it distinctly.

Special care must be taken by students that the group of two semiquavers in the end of the first bar of the subject should be accurately played according to their value, inasmuch as most students at first read these slower than is right; and then the following fingering for the second bar will enable the first note of the shake,

which of course commences on D, to be played easily;



the same method of fingering being employed each time the shake occurs, care being taken that this is not overlooked in bar thirty-five. Then, instead of the effeminate *diminuendo* and *poco rallentando* with the *piano* of Czerny, Rubinstein ends the Fugue broadly, the E flat in soprano and bass singing out boldly, and the whole concluding without the smallest dragging of the time.

We now come to one of the gems of the whole collection, the incomparable Prelude in E flat minor—a music poem so exquisite that it is sacrilege for any but a finished player to attempt to play it.

Every note of this, as Rubinstein plays it, is replete with intensest feeling—in fact, one can scarcely believe so much beauty exists till one hears him.

He plays it slowly, very slowly indeed, slower than any other player I have heard, and with a solemnity indescribably exquisite and mystic, and he seems to have—even he—for this Prelude a more especially beautiful touch and a *legato* surpassing perfection.

The first chords in the bass not *arpeggi* he gives with velvety softness, and the soprano seems to whisper a question, for as he plays it there is interrogation in the notes as they come.

Then the *arpeggi* he gives even, clear, soft, rounded; in fact they are a revelation as to touch, and fall on the ear like rolls of exquisite sound, and the whole he plays *piano*.

At bar fourteen he strikes the B flat semibreve in a way that makes it sing on into the next bar strongly, yet there is no apparent effort in his touch. It is as if he had wished it so, and the pianoforte obeyed.

About a dozen bars from the end, as he plays it, this Prelude more and more takes the character of a religious meditation, and in the sixth bar from the end, where the soprano in semiquavers is alone singing, there is a wonderful pellucid beauty in the notes as they fall; whilst at the last bar but three it is as if the music were a sigh of resignation breathed gently and softly, the whole ending very *piano* but without *rallentando*.

The Fugue following is of quite a different character.

Rubinstein plays it *forte*, with a slight accent on the second note, and in *allegro* time, whilst about the whole subject we find, according to his reading, a certain air of joyousness tinged with a little plaintive shadow.

Czerny's idea is of course quite different; he renders it *andante con moto*, *piano*, with *dolce* and *sempre legato* written under the subject; but one needs only once to play it as Rubinstein reads it to see how very inferior is Czerny's method. Then at the last bars Rubinstein has a very beautiful reading, the scale in sixths he gives with a gentle *crescendo*, coming to a climax on the E flat of the last bar, the soprano and bass singing their notes clearly, the middle voice coming in as a quiet accompaniment, and the whole ending *piano*, but only on the last note.

The Prelude in E major, No. 9, one of the poetic ones, Rubinstein takes *moderato*, and with a beautiful *legato*; in fact there is no better *legato* study to be found. He plays it, of course, without *ritardando*.

The Fugue in E major he takes quicker, marking the first two crotchet notes of the subject

boldly, and playing the semiquavers lightly and evenly, but clearly.

The Prelude No. 10 in E minor—a capital study for the left hand—Rubinstein plays phenomenally. Every note of the bass is equal to every other note with mechanical precision, the soprano singing against the semiquavers with beautiful contrast.

This he plays *allegro*, and with metronomic accuracy in *tempo*.

The Fugue in two voices following he plays also *allegro* and humorously, and with a particular *legato* phrasing of the subject, simple, but marked, the counter-subject having unusual prominence with him.

The next Prelude in F major, No. 11, Rubinstein plays *allegro*, not the meaningless jumble of notes most players contrive to make it, but beautifully clear, as also the shake.

One of the requisite things to the playing of this Prelude perfectly is a perfect equality of touch, the greatest attention being paid to the stroke of the fourth and fifth fingers. As the fingering of the shake is very important, I here subjoin that adopted by Kroll, and approved of by Rubinstein:—

Bars 3 and 4.



Bars 9 and 10.



Bars 12, 13, and 14.



The Fugue belonging to this Prelude Rubinstein plays *allegro*, of course discarding the obviously meaningless staccato on the second, third, and fourth notes of the subject of Czerny, Rubinstein phrasing the entire as follows:—



We now come to the great F minor Prelude and Fugue, this Prelude being one of the favourites of both Bülow and Rubinstein, and, as the latter has often said to me, one of the best *legato* and part-playing studies extant; for perfect equality of finger is required to play it, and perfect mastery over the fingers also.

Rubinstein's reading of this Prelude, although resembling Bülow's, is more original in result, and very hard to explain.

Bülow contents himself with playing the first bar as follows, all others following suit:—



that is, he makes no difference in touch between the soprano and alto parts, except, of course, that the alto sings the notes allotted to it distinctly and according to their full value.

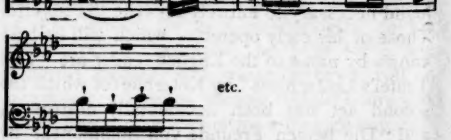
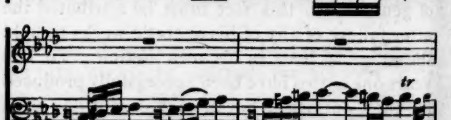
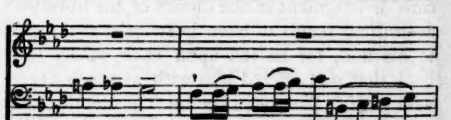
Rubinstein's reading is much more pronounced. He has for each note, according to its time value, a different touch; that is, he plays the semibreves in the first bar with a full and marked tone, after the idea of an organ pedal, which he assumes it is meant to be. The crotchets he plays *forte*, and the semiquavers lightly and very *piano*.

Of course the effect is wonderful; the pianoforte becomes like an organ under his hands, but even so, it is much to be doubted should students follow his lead, for no one can imitate him, and a bad imitation is always undesirable, failing as it does to accomplish any result; therefore Bülow's method, less remarkable, and, away from Rubinstein himself, more refined, is much the better method of the two for the vast majority of students; for, although he plays the whole gently in F, yet every note sings its full value through with him, and this is all that is necessary.

For part-playing and thorough Bach playing, this Prelude is one of the best to be found, and one which every pianoforte student would do well to study according to Rubinstein.

Both Bülow and Rubinstein take it in very moderate time.

About the Fugue following, the doctors disagree widely, Bülow observing the following phrasing wherever the subject occurs, a phrasing exceedingly difficult:—



Rubinstein's reading is essentially different. He plays the whole subject through *legato*, but at all places he gives great prominence to the subject.

At the same time Bülow's reading is more effective; there is a manliness about it especially charming, and the subject seems to ask as it were for such a phrasing. Of course here individual taste must decide, but although these two great pianists differ in their phrasing, students must remember that both play it musically; that is, both read it so that one hears all through, when the subject enters, where the episodes come in, and, in short, make it what so few mediocrities trouble their heads about, so long as the notes are played essentially intelligible to all.

The *Tierce de Picardie* at the close both Bülow and Rubinstein play *forte*, and not as Czerny, *piano*.

(To be continued.)

## The Huddersfield Choral Society.

IN applying myself to the congenial task of sketching the history of the amateur vocal and orchestral body, which has now existed for over fifty years under the above title, and has obtained a standing in the musical world scarcely second to any similar organization in the kingdom, I was met at the outset by the overshadowing personality of Mrs. Sunderland (*née* Sykes), the "Yorkshire Queen of Song," whose history is inseparably interwoven with that of the Society.

I thus felt impelled at the commencement of my researches to seek a personal interview with this lady, an account of which I propose to place before your readers before proceeding to the main purpose of my article.

### Interview with Mrs. Sunderland.

Proceeding by rail to Brighouse, five miles distant from Huddersfield, a walk of about a mile brought me to the residence of this lady, who now lives in a position of modest yet substantial comfort, within a few yards of the very spot on which she first saw the light on the 30th of April 1819.

Having been ushered into a comfortable sitting-room, I was soon rewarded by the appearance of an elderly lady, who, except for a constitutional tendency to *enbonpoint*, and a weakness consequent thereon, appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Apprised of the purpose of my visit, and after exchanging the usual preliminary courtesies, Mrs. Sunderland expressed her interest and readiness to afford me every assistance in her power.

"At what time, I asked, did you commence your connection with the Huddersfield Choral Society?"

"From the time of its formation," replied the distinguished songstress, "and during my thirty years' career as a public singer, I maintained, with but slight interruption, a very intimate connection with the Society."

"Judging from the early age (fifteen years) at which you first appeared in public as a soloist, I am led to infer that your taste for music was carefully fostered during childhood."

"That is so; my parents were decidedly musical. I was first taught the rudiments of music by Mr. Denham, of Brighouse, and then became a pupil of Mr. Luke Settle, a veritable 'village blacksmith' and a good local musician; afterwards Mr. Dan Sugden, of Halifax, generously undertook, without remuneration, to train me as a professional vocalist."

"I think you were not much troubled by that *bête noir* of professional vocalists, 'a bad cold,' nor had you often to forego your engagements on account of indisposition."

"No; as regards health, I have had much cause for thankfulness; for instance, on one occasion, in the days prior to railways, I walked to Leeds, leaving home early in the morning, and after some hours spent in viewing the sights of the town, fulfilled an engagement to sing at a concert in the evening. After the concert I

walked back to Brighouse, arriving home about two o'clock on the following morning, after having walked altogether a distance of over thirty miles, besides undergoing the fatigue and excitement of a great concert. As for walking to Huddersfield or Halifax (about equidistant from Brighouse) to attend a practice or to fulfil an engagement, I thought no more of it than of stepping across the village. I held for eight years the post of principal soprano in the choir of St. Paul's Church, Huddersfield, and for several years walked from Brighouse every Sunday morning to service, returning home again on foot in the evening. Only on very rare occasions, and in the winter when the roads were impassable from snow, did I miss a service, although I often reached church wet through to the skin."

"For such an experience it would indeed be difficult to find a parallel at the present day."



MRS. SUNDERLAND.

"No doubt; but I have always taken a strong interest in Huddersfield; and nowhere have I met with more cordial appreciation, than at the Choral Society's concerts, at which I so frequently sang."

"You appear to have exhibited a marked preference for Handel's oratorios."

"Yes; it was in 'Judas Maccabeus' that I made my first success, and as these compositions formed the staple of the various choral societies' concert programmes of that day, I devoted myself closely to their study, and thus acquired an intense love for the magnificent solos which the great composer wrote for the soprano voice."

I am afraid to trespass on your space by extending further my account of this most interesting interview, and will endeavour to summarize the leading incidents of the famous vocalist's career as briefly as possible.

Mrs. Sunderland from the very first made a deep and abiding impression wherever she sang, her voice being a rich and powerful soprano of

marvellous flexibility and delicately in tune, whilst for taste, finish, and expression in oratorio she was especially noted. Within five years of her *début*, Miss Sykes, who was then in her twentieth year, and rapidly acquiring celebrity, married Mr. Henry Sunderland.

Her fame spread rapidly through Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North, and in 1842, Mrs. Sunderland made her first appearance in London, at the "Ancient Concerts," where she received the personal compliments of the Prince Consort and the Duke of Cambridge.

Subsequently she appeared with the most distinguished success at Exeter Hall, in the "Messiah" in 1849 and 1851, in the "Creation" in 1855, in "Elijah" in 1856, and again in the "Messiah," along with Miss Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves, in 1858; moreover, on several occasions she had the honour of singing before Her Majesty the Queen. On one occasion,

at the Bradford Festival, Mdle. Titiens warmly embraced the great Yorkshire vocalist, and acknowledged her possession of the finest English voice she had ever heard.

Her retirement into private life whilst in the height of her popularity caused intense regret in musical circles. Farewell concerts were arranged in many of the towns in which Mrs. Sunderland was best known, and all proved wonderfully successful, evoking everywhere the utmost enthusiasm, and showing how great a hold she had obtained on the affections of the public.

A festival was given in her honour in the Philosophical Hall, Huddersfield, on the 2nd and 3rd of June 1864, and was the occasion of her last public appearance, at which a suitable presentation was made to her. The excitement was intense, and the crush was so great, that on the last evening, besides completely filling the hall, the people who were unable to obtain admission filled the streets adjoining, and also occupied the yard of Ramsden Street Chapel close by.

Thus terminated the public career of the most gifted and popular vocalist ever known in Yorkshire, where her name had emphatically become "a household word."

I cannot, however, close my reference to the great Yorkshire Queen of Song, without record-

ing one other fact, as an example of her faithfulness in fulfilling engagements, and also her genuine goodness of heart, viz. that for over twenty years in succession Mrs. Sunderland sang for a merely nominal fee every Christmas Day at Halifax for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans' Fund in connection with the Order of Oddfellows, never missing a single engagement, and of course never failing to materially augment the funds of the charity.

No wonder then that the memory of her fragrant and unsullied personal character and strict devotion to duty should, equally with her brilliant attainments, be treasured in the hearts of all who knew her, furnishing thus, at least, a striking exception to the truth of the saying, that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country."

This was emphatically shown by the spontaneous resolve on the part of a number of gentlemen of the locality to celebrate the occasion of her "golden wedding." The commemoration took the form of a festival concert, which was given in the Brighouse Town Hall

on June 8th, 1888, and proved a brilliant success, together with the presentation to the now venerable songstress of an illuminated address and other valuable presents. She was also the recipient of congratulatory telegrams and letters from all parts of the kingdom, and from America, South Africa, and Australia.

Moreover, as a means of perpetuating the memory of her distinguished services to music, a sum of money was raised, and applied to the foundation of an annual prize to be called the "Mrs. Sunderland Prize," which has since been established in connection with the Huddersfield Technical School and Mechanics' Institute, and is open for competition to vocalists born in Yorkshire.

Mrs. Sunderland was present in person at the first competition, held in April last, and it may be hoped she will yet be spared for many years to watch the progress which is being made throughout her native county in the art to which she was so consistently devoted and the profession which she so richly adorned.

#### Early Amateur Music.

The early history of amateur musical culture in this neighbourhood is in a great measure lost in obscurity.

Although the cultivation and practice of music amongst the inhabitants of the hills and dales of this picturesque portion of Yorkshire—to whom the following couplet may truthfully be applied:

Singing to them's no more difficile  
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle—

has been a treasured pursuit probably from time immemorial, and was extensively followed among amateurs in the last century, in the absence of any published records authentic information on the point appears to be unobtainable earlier than the beginning of the present century.

About this time we learn that the large building in Albion Street, erected as a riding school for the Yeomanry, and now transformed into an iron warehouse, was used as a concert-room, where productions of Handel's oratorios and other works were occasionally given, and in which Catalini sang about eighty years ago, a circumstance in itself sufficing to show that a not inconsiderable musical constituency then existed.

Huddersfield, as many of your readers will be aware, is a town of comparatively modern growth, and at the beginning of the century occupied a position relatively inferior to some of the surrounding villages which it has since far out-distanced in population and importance.

I am indebted to an esteemed local octogenarian vocalist, Mr. William Blackburn, for many of the following items of information relevant to the musical life of the district prior to the formation of the Huddersfield Choral Society.

At this period a number of glee clubs, vocal societies, and small bands of instrumentalists existed in most of the neighbouring villages and hamlets.

The most important of these were at Almond-bury, Mirfield, Deighton, Kirkheaton, and Dewsbury, between which societies there was a regular interchange of courtesies, members of each club or band frequently walking distances of from two to eight miles after work hours (long before the existing restrictions of hours of labour in factories were instituted), in order to take part in practices and concerts, footing it home again late at night, even during the winter months, and in all weathers.

Any combined rehearsal or concert was

generally arranged to take place at or near the time of the full moon, in order that the members might with the more safety traverse the lonely roads.

In or about the year 1820, the Huddersfield Philharmonic Society, the precursor of the present Choral Society, was formed, and into its ranks were drafted the pick of the local amateurs, both vocal and instrumental.

Somewhat strict tests of sight-reading were imposed as a condition of admission, a precaution even more essential at that time than at the present, from the fact of there being no conductor in those days to mark the time with his bâton and give the cues to the various parts.

Indeed, whether we attribute the cause to the conceit of the members (a quality of which, even at the present day, musicians are by no means deficient) or to their superior ability, the first suggestions for the appointment of a conductor were resented as a reflection upon the individual skill and proficiency of the members, and for many years not only in the Philharmonic, but also in the more recent Choral Society, the practices and concerts were alike led by the principal violinist.

The Philharmonic Society's Concerts, which were held in the Court House in Queen Street, were established on the subscription principle, each subscriber of five shillings being entitled to a ticket of admission for one gentleman and two ladies to the annual concert.

J. G. SCHOFIELD.

(To be continued.)

THE Beethoven Collection of Heiligenstadt has been presented by the son of Beethoven's friend, Carl Holz, with the last composition of the master. This is a canon, hitherto believed to be lost, although mentioned in Nohl's Biography of Beethoven. The text is as follows: "Hier ist das Werk, sorgt für das geld! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 Ducaten."

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A MAGNIFICENT new organ by Sauer of Frankfort has lately been erected in the Thomas Kirche, Leipzig, the church which, it will be remembered, once possessed for its organist no less a person than John Sebastian Bach.

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THE directors of the Munich Opera are seriously contemplating the production of another of Wagner's "youthful errors," namely, his operetta "Das Liebesverbot." A pianoforte edition of the work has already been issued. It is reported, however, that "Das Liebesverbot" is inferior in merit even to "Die Feen," which obtained nothing more than a *succès d'estime* on its production last year.

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AT the last Philharmonic Concert at Vienna, the first movement of the newly-discovered pianoforte concerto by Beethoven was played by the blind pianist, Joseph Labor. The MS. was found among the papers of the late Graf Bezechny, who was director of an institution for the blind at Prague. The concerto is believed to have been composed between 1788 and 1793, when Beethoven was between twenty and twenty-five years old. The influence of Mozart was very perceptible in the fragment played by Herr Labor.

\* \* \*

THE young Prince Henry XXIV. of Reuss has, as is well-known, devoted himself to musical composition. On April 27 he gave a concert at Berlin at which the following of his works were performed: a quintet for strings, an octet for wind and strings, and a sonata for piano and violin. Herr Joachim came back from London to play the first violin part in these princely compositions, and was accompanied by some of the Conservatoire professors.

## Nikita's Operatic Triumphs.

—o:—

### THREE DÉBUTS IN ONE MONTH.

#### I. ZERLINA IN "DON GIOVANNI."

**T**HE verdict of Moscow on Nikita's first appearance on the operatic stage is expressed as follows in the *Moscow Gazette* for the 29th March:—

Mdlle. Nikita, who yesterday in "Don Giovanni" made her first appearance on the operatic stage, from the very first eclipsed all the other artists who sang with her, by the winning charm of her voice, her manner of singing, her graceful countenance, and still more by her lively artistic acting. Until now Mdlle. Nikita had only sung in concerts, and the Moscow public had the opportunity of appreciating her last autumn at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. It was then already quite apparent that the concert platform was too narrow for her dramatic talent, and that her proper place was on the operatic stage, for which she herself was longing as for "supreme happiness." Her *début* of yesterday has thrown open to her the first-class operatic stages of Europe, and offers her the promise of a brilliant career.

Mdlle. Nikita is only just out of adolescence, and has all the winning, tender charm of the flower of youth. This circumstance alone would have been sufficient to predispose in her favour the public that was present at her first appearance in "Don Giovanni." But when they heard her pure, melodious voice, when her first steps discovered in her a most talented actress, the public became possessed with an indescribable enthusiasm, and insisted on all her solos, as well as her duet with Don Giovanni, being repeated.

Mdlle. Nikita decidedly possesses the spark of genius by which true artists are distinguished from the ordinary run. She not only sings, but plays her part so naturally, and with such inborn gracefulness, that we have no hesitation in predicting for her a still greater success during the further development of her highly sympathetic talent. **Her Zerlina is a creation that would have satisfied Mozart himself.**

Signor Ciampi, who during his career has had the opportunity of singing with a score of Zerlinas, openly declares that he only dreamt of such a Zerlina. **From now every Zerlina will have to be compared with that classical, ideal model which is Mdlle. Nikita's first creation.** All her acting is free from pedantry, and the pieces she had to repeat were distinguished by ever varying shades of action. Mdlle. Nikita does not remain a single instant on the stage without dramatic action, while always maintaining a keen tact and a true artistic expression. **Only real creative inspiration is capable of attaining such perfection in the minutest details of execution.** It will be highly interesting to see her in the other Zerlina which she is preparing herself to play next in "Fra Diavolo;" but there is now no reason to be anxious as to her further success.

#### II. ZERLINA IN "FRA DIAVOLO."

The above prediction of the *Moscow Gazette* as to Nikita's success in her *début* as the Zerlina of "Fra Diavolo" was amply verified,—witness the following extract from its columns for the 3rd April:—

Mdlle. Nikita's *début* in "Fra Diavolo," her second appearance on the operatic stage, took place under exceptional circumstances, which afforded a still better opportunity of appreciating the young prima donna's sympathetic talent. The continued illness of M. Sperapani rendered it unavoidable to replace "Don

Giovanni" by Auber's opera, of which only one, and that an incomplete, rehearsal could be given. It will be easy to understand the numerous difficulties by which, under such conditions, Mdle. Nikita was surrounded on her second *début*. She had to learn in a few days a part which she had not only never sung, but had never even seen played. She had not only to play the part of Zerlina, but, so to speak, to improvise under the eyes of the public, relying solely upon her own artistic sense and judgment; and it must be admitted that she triumphantly overcame all the numerous difficulties with which she had to contend. Nobody could have ever supposed that she was a beginner, so natural and so perfect was her acting, in which she again, as in "Don Giovanni," totally eclipsed all the other actors.

The true type of Auber's opera had not been realized before Mdle. Nikita united in her person the features at once of the principal singer and the leader of the action; it was by Mdle. Nikita alone, with her supposed childlike "inexperience," that the performance seemed to be sustained.

At every step the audience gave signs of their approbation, which reached a climax during the second act, when Mdle. Nikita sang with a charming grace two additional pieces: "Aubade Française" by Nevers, and the famous Russian song on the Nightingale ("Salavey") by Aliabieff. The audience did not leave the theatre until some considerable time after the conclusion of the performance, and their shouts of applause seemed to have no end.

The dramatic action of Mdle. Nikita, as Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo," was quite as clever and as refined as her representation of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." It was noticeable that she did not commit the error, so common among beginners, of giving the same rendering of the somewhat similar types of the two Zerlinas.

In "Don Giovanni" we had before us a nice, simple, merry peasant girl, not entirely free from a disposition to flirt; in "Fra Diavolo" Mdle. Nikita showed us the ideal of a pure and innocent girl who, if she ever dreams of flirting, does so only in her own room before the looking-glass. This scene was played by Mdle. Nikita with shades of graceful modesty beautiful enough to satisfy the most exacting requirements of aesthetic art. In short, Mdle. Nikita proved once more that she possesses not only a striking musical talent and a beautifully melodious voice, but also remarkable dramatic gifts, which already enable her from the very outset to create finished artistic types, and guarantee to her for the future a brilliant operatic career.

### III. CHERUBINO IN "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Nikita's *début* as Cherubino took place in the city of Prague, which is specially linked with the name of Mozart, as having enjoyed the honour of witnessing the first representation of "Don Giovanni;" and it was universally admitted by critics thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Mozart, that Nikita's representation of the lovesick page was one in which Mozart would have delighted. The *Bohemia* of the 3rd May wrote as follows:—

The young singer, who set half the world talking about her before she was out of her childhood, is now attracting even more attention from all friends of the stage by her performances in opera than she formerly excited by her concert tours. If the artistic cultivation of a voice which a year ago was still in the stage of development was universally recognised on the occasion of her performances in the concert hall, her audiences are now all the more captivated by the sweetness and sympathetic quality of her powerful voice, when they observe at once in her vocal style and in her acting a fulness of natural gifts of which the young artist is perhaps herself not yet fully conscious. The large audience accordingly showed the same interest in Mdle. Nikita's third part, that of the page Cherubino, which they had already manifested in her representations of the two Zerlinas in "Don Giovanni" and "Fra Diavolo."

The two arias for the page contain a complete expression of the character of that tender youth; the master of tone-poetry has given a glorious musical illustration of the first promptings of love inspiring the heart of the sentimental Cherubino with a passion for the Countess, for Susanna, and for Barbara in turn. In the first air Mdle. Nikita conveyed a right impression of the excitability and the feverish restlessness of Cherubino's character by slightly quickening the *tempo*; but Cherubino's feeling of vague but intense longing is more characteristically expressed in the smooth *legato* which is generally adopted, although Mdle. Nikita's lighter phrasing had certainly a charm of its own. On the other hand, the rendering of "Voi che sapete" left nothing to be desired. The shyness of the boyish passion with which the love-sick page looks up at the Countess was reproduced in its most delicate shades with a charming grace, and this intelligent conception of the character was supported by a refined and delicately elaborated byplay which, with all its liveliness, never became obtrusive. In fact, Mdle. Nikita has realized the conception which Mozart's biographer, Jahn, has formed of the true effect of this air, as "spreading all around a sense of lingering tenderness and a suffusion of soft passion."

## Musical Journalism Sixty Years Ago.

MUSICAL journalism in England began in the year 1818, with the *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*. This paper was in small octavo form, and is possessed of no very great interest, except such as arises from the fact of its having served as the pioneer of numerous other and better musical periodicals. In 1823, however, a much more ambitious and important undertaking was set on foot, in the shape of a monthly paper, called the *Harmonicon*, which, according to Groves' Dictionary, is the best musical periodical ever published in England. There is nothing surprising in this fact when we take into account the alarming high price of the paper, viz. half-a-crown when it first started, and three shillings after it had reached an age of nine years.

Considering the comparative scarcity of musical amateurs in the early years of the nineteenth century, to say nothing of the general tightness of money, it seems almost incredible that the *Harmonicon* should have attained, as it evidently did, a very fair circulation. This may, no doubt, be partly explained by the fact that no less than six pieces of music, generally by the best composers, were given with each number of the *Harmonicon*. The age of cheap music was yet half-a-century distant, and the musical among our more immediate ancestors were wearing out their eyes by filling manuscript books with delicate painstaking transcriptions of the fashionable songs and pieces of their day, faded now in more senses than one.

I have in my possession a few copies of the *Harmonicon* dating both from the beginning and end of its career, and it has occurred to me that a description of one of these numbers, together with a few extracts from some of the others, may not be without interest for the readers of the *Magazine of Music*, both from the account they give of the musical doings of the day, and also from the light they throw upon musical journalism of the past, as compared with that of the present age.

To begin with, then, the cover of the early numbers is of an ugly shade of bright buff, and upon each, in black and red letters, appears

the following high-flown and diffuse inscription:—

The  
Harmonicon,  
An Assemblage of Vocal and Instrumental  
Music,  
consisting of  
Original Pieces by Eminent British and Foreign  
Composers of the Present Day, and Selections  
from the best Works of all the Great Masters;  
Together, with a  
Critical Review of New Musical Works;  
Notices of  
Operas, Concerts, and other Musical Performances,  
And a New  
Encyclopedia of Music.

With each number was given an engraved portrait of a well-known composer. These engravings are very fairly executed, and, no doubt, were partly the cause of the high price of the magazine. The paper is thick and good, but the type of the literary part is small, and not very clear. The advertisements of new music on the cover give an excellent idea of the popular taste of the day. Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert were living and working, but, judging from the supply, the demand was evidently almost entirely for Variations, Fantasias, Rondos, Divertimentos, and, in fact, every kind of arrangement of favourite airs for instruments other than those for which they were originally intended. The simplest and most unoffending of melodies were twisted and tortured into show pieces for young ladies to play upon the pianoforte. Moscheles, Herz, Kalkbrenner, and Ries were some of the worst offenders in this respect. In short, in this country, at least, originality was not the fashion; and we hear little of such solid musicians as Crotch, Walmisley, and Attwood, who, in their own way, were doing good service to English music.

The number for April 1823 contains eighteen closely printed quarto pages of "reading," and nineteen pages of music. The engraving is taken from a French print of the child Mozart at the age of seven. With this is a memoir of the composer himself. Then follow a sketch of the "Establishment and Progress of the Italian Opera in England," and a "History of Music in Germany." Next comes a very instructive paragraph about the Royal Academy of Music, at which institution a beginning had at length been made by the election of ten boys and ten girls, instead of forty of each, as had at first been resolved. "Most, if not all, of these children," says the writer, "have entered for the purpose of being instructed on the pianoforte or the harp; a great proportion desiring to be taught the latter—claiming Mons. Bochsa as their master! But for the bassoon, hautboy, horn, and other instruments, so much wanted in our orchestras, not one pupil appeared: so that a principal object intended to be accomplished by the Academy will not, for the present, certainly be carried into effect. If we are not mistaken, there are upwards of forty professors at this institution and twenty scholars, which is at the rate of one pupil to two masters. No great fear then need be apprehended from a rebellion here."

The new music reviewed is entirely of the fashionable order, and consists of an "Introduzione ed Aria all' Inglese" by Cramer, a Rondo on a Scotch melody, and Variations on a French air, by Ries; two Rondos by Kalkbrenner; a Rondeletto and a March by Moscheles; and a glee by Thomas Welsh. The reviews, if not of a very high order, are at least written with evident care and conscientiousness, and are illustrated by short extracts from the pieces under consideration.

There were, at this time, no less than three opera companies in London,—Italian at the King's Theatre, and English at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. At the first-mentioned house the only opera performed during the month of March had been "La Donna del Lago." Mercadante's new opera "Eliza e Claudio" had been promised, but not produced. The English companies had been giving the "Beggar's Opera," "Artaxerxes," "The Marriage of Figaro," and others.

The concerts noticed are the "Ancient Music," the "Philharmonic," the "British," and the "Oratorios." *A propos* of the Ancient Concerts, it is curious, inasmuch as it proves how little we have changed in some particulars, to read the complaint of the critic that the directors are satisfied with the "repetition from year to year of the very same pieces, vocal and instrumental." The programmes, in spite of the fact that an archbishop was among the directors, seem to have been arranged with an utter indifference to the dictates of good taste or decorum. For example, Gibbon's anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David," was immediately followed by "Shepherds, I have lost my love!" and "Unto us a child is born," by "Soft Cupid, wanton amorous boy!" But this style of programme appears to have been a recent innovation, since the critic remarks: "When our late venerable and beloved monarch was capable of attending to and enjoying the Ancient Concerts, these absurdities would not have been permitted. The selections were, in his time, always judicious: grave, without being heavy or tedious; and cheerful, without triteness and insipidity." If this encomium be true, then must George III. have been a good concert-master spoilt.

The programmes of the Philharmonic Concerts were almost entirely classical, consisting chiefly of works by Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn. At the British Concerts only the compositions of native composers, such as Callcott, Walmisley, Bishop, etc., were performed, and the pieces were almost all vocal, seldom rising above the ballad and glee order. At the Oratorio Concerts the most interesting event, at least to the modern reader, is the *début* of "an adventurous violinist, from the sister isle, named Balfe . . . he certainly possessed that noble daring for which his countrymen are remarkable, but we cannot say that his exploits in *All* excited our admiration, although they created surprise. He has youth, however, to plead in his excuse, and may with proper attention become a tolerable performer." If, as I suppose, this was the Balfe, he was in April 1823 not quite fifteen, little more, in fact, than a boy-prodigy.

The music given with this number consists of a March by Ries, a vocal Duet by Nares, a Canzonet by Vincenzo Righini, an old Irish ballad, a Divertimento for the piano upon airs in Weber's "Preciosa," a Spanish melody called "Riego's March," and an Arietta by Bonifazio Asioli. The laws of copyright were at that time elementary enough, owing to which the proprietors of the *Harmonicon* were probably able to obtain the right of reproduction of pieces by the most popular foreign composers for what we should consider a very small sum, in some cases for nothing, otherwise even the high price of the magazine could not have indemnified them for their outlay.

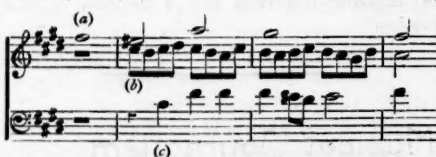
(To be continued.)

We are glad to learn that Madame Trebelli has improved so much in health and strength during her recent stay at Etretat that she intends making her reappearance on a London platform early this month.

## Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues.

### TRIPLE AND QUADRUPLE COUNTERPOINT.

**T**RIPLE counterpoint in the octave is constantly used by Bach. It is easy to construct, and, by means of its inversions, enables the composer to present his thematic material in a variety of ways. In writing three parts in triple counterpoint, one has only to follow the laws regulating D.C. in the octave. Hence the intervals of the 4th and the 5th must be prepared, or taken in passing. The combination is, as stated, easy, but Bach always tried to give a distinctive character to each melody. Take, for example, the theme and two counterthemes in the Fugue in C sharp minor (Bk. 1):—

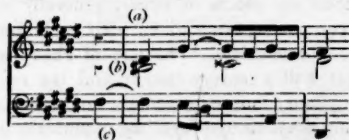


The quotation is from bars 48–51, where the three themes are first heard together. The semibreve *f* in (a) is only a quaver in the text, but frequently the value of the first note gets altered. Here (a) consists of white notes, (b) of quavers, while (c) for its first half has crotchets. The Prelude in A major (Bk. 1) is a study in triple counterpoint. The student will notice again here how well the themes are contrasted: the highest part is in semiquavers, the middle part in quavers and syncopated, and the lowest part in crotchets.

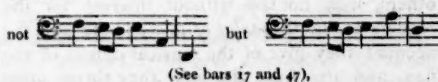
If we take the three letters, *a*, *b*, and *c*, we find that they can be combined in six different ways:—

*a a b c b c*  
(1) *b c a* (2) *c a b* (3) *a b c* (4) *b c a* (5) *c a b* (6) *a b c*

It has already been mentioned that Bach was not in the habit of making full display of his learning: it was with him a means, not an end. So far as we are aware, there is only one fugue in the whole forty-eight in which the six forms are made use of. The triple counterpoint combination is not here introduced in connection with the theme in a prominent manner, but it occurs in an episode. The fugue is the one in F sharp major (Bk. 2), and the passage in question begins at bar 12.



Of the six modes of presentation, the above is (1). The others—naming for simplicity's sake only the one complete bar—are to be found, (2) at bar 49; (3) at bar 51; (4) at bar 17; (5) at bar 45; (6) at bar 47. And in addition to the variety obtained by these different inversions, he sometimes gives *c* with 4th up instead of 5th down:



and *a*, not *b* but *c* (See bars 49 and 51).

Even in the great Fugue in C sharp minor mentioned above, where three important themes are

combined, only five of these forms are to be found.

In the 21st Fugue of Bk. 2, Bach gives a more elaborate triple counterpoint.

At bars 32–35 we have—



Now, to save space, let us show some of the various transformations only with the last two bars.

First put (2) a 12th below (1), and invert (3) in the 10th, with reinversion in the octave,



and this will be found at bars 42 and 43. Next leaving (1) and (2), put (3) a 12th above—



as at bars 49 and 50.

Again, put (2) an octave below (1), and (3) a 10th above (1)—



as at bars 56 and 57.

But we must pass on to quadruple counterpoint. In Fugue 12 (Bk. 1), bars 13–16, we have—



These parts are combined so as to be capable of many inversions. For example, we might make the highest the lowest part. Compare the above with bars 27–30. Here treble becomes bass; bass, tenor; and tenor, alto.

It will be noticed that the parts of bars 13–16 are exactly reproduced in bars 27–30, with exception of two added notes in alto, and an unimportant change of treble at the close, where the *g* minim as bass falls directly to the *f*.

Another good example may be found in Fugue 9, Bk. 2. Bars 16, 17, and 18 must be compared with bars 19, 20, and 21. Treble becomes tenor; bass, alto; alto, bass; and tenor, treble. Bach, in his *Art of Fugue*, has shown in how masterful a manner he could handle quadruple counterpoint. There a whole fugue is inverted, and in addition in contrary motion. But in

that work he was making a special display of his learning.

Double counterpoint is easily converted into triple and quadruple counterpoint, by adding one or two parts in 3rds or 6ths. The student will find an example of the former in Fugue 17, Bk. 2, bars 32 and 33; and of the latter, Fugue 22, Bk. 2, bars 96 to 99.

Next month we shall touch on some points in harmony.

(To be continued.)

## A Vanished Hand.

### II.

#### THE HILL OF HOPE.

**A**BOUT half a league out of Dolville, in the direction of the old seaport town of St. Maur, there is a certain curious mound rising sheer up from the perfectly level plain around, like a rocky islet from its ocean bed. The people in the neighbourhood call it the Hill of Hope, and tell many strange fantastic legends of the olden days, before the level pastures round about Dolville had been reclaimed from the sea, when the rock stood out frowning and dangerous on a treacherously shifting coast.

Some half-dozen centuries ago or more, a ship had been wrecked at the base of those beetling cliffs, now girdled with a fringe of flowering shrubs and fruit trees; and a saintly pilgrim from the Holy Land had been one of the hardly-rescued crew.

Hence the monastery on the mound, which had begun life as a lighthouse tower erected by the pilgrim in gratitude to a merciful Providence for his rescue from a watery death, and had successively developed into a lazaret-house, an hospital, and now a free school for the children of the outlying hamlets. The tower remained, but the lighthouse was a thing of the distant past. For hundreds of years the sea had been gradually retreating, until at last the dangerous rock had become the Hill of Hope; and Dolville, once a busy port, was now the stagnant inland town where Paul de Lokmaria had yawned through half a year of aimless days in the performance of his military duties. There is nothing very remarkable in the architecture of the little chapel, dedicated to our Lady of Hope, that crowns the summit of the hill.

The chief attraction to strangers was undoubtedly the immense and varied prospect that embraced the bay of St. Maur on the one hand, and the huge dense forests stretching inland as far as Henneville on the other, while between the two—seaboard and forest—stretched a perfectly level plain, rolled out like a pancake, with nothing but the bright colours of its various crops to redeem it from monotony.

It was with the object of seeing this view that the Signor Florentia's two daughters induced their father to stop the carriage on its way to St. Maur at the foot of the mound, and to wait for them there while they made the ascent in company with the old Italian nurse who still waited on them.

Why Paul de Lokmaria should also have turned his steps towards the Mont d'Espérance when he had seen the said carriage drive away from the courtyard of the Lion d'Or, he would have been puzzled to say himself.

He was certainly not acquainted with the intentions of its occupant, and could not reasonably have indulged in any secret expectations

of falling in with them. It may have been that from the solitary rock where the peasants still show you the print of St. Maur's colossal heel as he leaped across the sea to the mound bearing his name, the impassioned lover had fondly hoped to trace the huge lumbering old vehicle along its dusty road to the coast.

It may have been simply that he needed solitude and leisure in which to brood over the strange overmastering feelings to which the previous evening had given birth. Be that as it may, the young man set forth as I have said, and reached the hill by a short cut across the clover fields just ten minutes after the sisters, after many fond injunctions from their father not to linger too long, had left him to his solitary meditations.

Paul could hardly believe his eyes when he came upon the clumsy, foreign-looking carriage drawn up in front of the village church, where, as the grinning coachman informed him in answer to his eager inquiries, the signor had gone into *disennuyer* himself.

To hear was to act with Paul de Lokmaria, and the next moment he was striding up the grassy ascent as though his feet were winged, which indeed they were by love and hope.

Still breathless from the speed at which he had climbed, he arrived at the foot of the lighthouse tower just as the sisters were groping their way down the dark spiral staircase. Thérèse was the first of the party to descend, and great was her astonishment when a firm hand was stretched out to her through the dim half-light, and Paul's deep muffled tones murmured gently,—

"Take care, Mademoiselle, the last step is crumbling away."

She startled violently; his strong clasp alone prevented her from stumbling down the half-ruined staircase.

"*C'est lui!*" she exclaimed involuntarily, drawing her hand promptly away as soon as she found herself on terra firma.

"Mademoiselle is not displeased with me for coming. I did not know she would be here. I came to remember last night."

"Who is it, then? Thérèse, where art thou? Ah! it is the gentleman who helped us through the crowd!" exclaimed the elder of the signorinas, who had now made her way to the foot of the stairs, and turned to give a helping hand to the old nurse fast following at her heels; while last of all appeared the white coif and conventual impassive countenance of the *ci-duenna* nun.

Paul advanced courteously, and hoped that these young ladies were none the worse for their exertions.

"Oh no! and the air up here is so refreshing. Brigitta! this is the gentleman of whom we spoke who helped our father to put us into the carriage."

Brigitta acknowledged the introduction by a strangled courtesy; but when Paul had gone forward a step or two with her precious charges, she screwed up her withered eyelids, shaded her forehead with her hand, and took a good look at the handsome "cavaliero."

Faded eyes are as keen as bright ones, and this old woman's quick instinct assured her that the cavaliero was after one of the two signorinas. It needed but a little more patient observation on her part both of him and them to discover which of the two.

"Mademoiselle knows what it is called—this mound?" Paul said, bending down as they walked to look at Thérèse, with a world of tender meaning in his expressive dark eyes.

"The Mont d'Espérance," she answered hastily, keeping her own carefully veiled by their long black eyelashes. "It seems a curious name for it now."

"Nay," replied Paul significantly. "To me it seems a very fitting name *now*. Assuredly I had not hoped to find Mademoiselle here when I set out from Dolville."

"We must be going down now. Our father will be tired of waiting for us."

"The Signor Florentia was in the church when I came up. He will not bore himself there; it is an interesting old building."

"Still," repeated Thérèse with praiseworthy firmness, "I think we ought to go." And she looked round for her sister, who, however, had retreated discreetly to hear what the white-robed nun was telling Brigitta about St. Maur's footprints on the rock.

Paul hastened to follow up his advantage. "Mademoiselle is hurried I know, but a few moments more or less will make very little difference to her, and it will make all the difference in the world to me."

"It is true, then," she said, starting off from his personalities like a nervous steed from a shadow on the roadway, "that this mound stood once in the midst of the sea."

"As solitary," he answered, "as the human heart before it has met with its fellow—"

"There was a shipwreck," she interrupted hastily; "the *soeur* has just told us."

"I wish she had left it to me to tell you of that," he said, drawing her on by the silent force of his will to the very edge of the precipice.

In the vast expanse of plain stretched out before them like a bird's-eye map, they could behold but few signs of human life. Now and then the faint bleating of some tiny black lambs feeding in one of the meadows below fell plaintively on their ears, or the sound of a distant human voice was borne to them by the freshening breeze; but it only served to bring the utter stillness into more intense relief.

He pointed out to her the old sea-girt town of St. Maur, standing out against the blue sea-line like a grey battlemented fortress.

"You will visit it to-night like an angel on the wing, *et après?*"

"*Après*, I forget. My father has the list of towns, I believe, or Anunciata. I don't remember."

"It must be a wearisome existence for you, travelling about from place to place like that; do you never get tired of it?"

"I am used to it. We began as quite children, you know; besides, we hope, of course, that it may not always be necessary."

"If I could have my way," he said earnestly, "it would not be necessary for another day of Mademoiselle's life."

"But you see they are waiting for us over there," and her little hand pointed out the distant city with a pretty shy gesture that made him long madly to take possession of it and keep it for ever. "And we shall not get there to-night unless we start soon."

"It is slavery for you, it is bondage," he went on almost fiercely.

"What! to make music! You do not know, Monsieur, what music is to me."

"I know this at least, that I shall hear your music in my heart as long as I live."

"Ah, yes!" she said, with a smile that faded quickly into a sigh. "You all say that, every one of you."

"I can believe," he answered, looking at her with a strange fire in his eyes that made her heart leap, "that it has been often said to you. That does not surprise me; but I swear to you that I have never said it before to-day to any one, and I never will again."

"You will forget it in a month."

"Will you?" he said quietly. "Will you do the same thing to-night, and the next night, and so on. Will you play that hymn to the gallery?"

"If the gallery ask for it, it will be my duty to play it."

"The gallery did not ask for it last night," he said, with an audacity that startled himself. "You played it to me."

"*Mais, Monsieur,*" she began haughtily.

"You played it to me, and I blessed you for it. Mademoiselle, for a few short minutes your hand opened paradise to me."

No answer; but she plucked nervously at a handful of white hawthorn that reached up its spiky blossoms from underneath the summit of the cliff, while the sea-breezes sported playfully with the long gauze veil that floated behind her immense beaver bonnet.

He watched her with a yearning look that sought to photograph upon his memory every line of her mysterious beauty. Was it possible that at this hour yesterday it had not existed for him? Was it not rather true that this face and no other had been "born with him in his soul," and would go with him to his grave?

"These are not the flowers for you," he said, trying to draw her away from the hawthorn bush. "The hand that can make music like yours should only hold roses."

"Ah!" she answered, flinging the white blossoms from her with a certain curious petulance, for which she could hardly have accounted even to herself. "Roses have thorns, *allez!* and no flower is worth anything that has none."

The flowers fell sheer over the edge, but were arrested midway in their descent by a furze bush immediately below, which jutted out a sharp peak of slippery moss-covered stone. They could see the white blossoms glinting out from the prickly furze bush.

"These, at least, were worth treasures to me," said Paul, looking regretfully over the broken edge of the precipice.

"You would not thank me for thorns," she answered, with an involuntary movement—checked in its birth—to hold him back from an imagined peril.

He saw it, and it quickened his pulses, and fired him with a sudden resolution.

"I would rather have the thorns you reject," he said impressively, "than the fairest flowers culled for me by the hand of another woman."

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, you are mad!" she cried excitedly, seeing that he was taking off his sword and belt, and looking steadily down the cliff as if to measure his powers. "You would not, then, risk your neck for the sake of some foolish flowers?"

"I can go down," he said slowly, speaking half to himself, half to her. "To come up is more difficult."

"To come up is impossible. Monsieur will not be so foolish as to try."

The voice was not that of Thérèse.

He looked round sharply, and beheld the wrinkled visage and twinkling eyes of the old Italian nurse.

"I do not know the meaning of the word impossible," he said haughtily; and the next moment he had swung himself over the edge, and was letting himself down the sharp and perilous descent by his hands and feet.

Thérèse shrieked at the suddenness of the daring action, and turned fiercely on her aged attendant.

"How could you let him?" she panted in tremulous indignation. "You dared him to it, you cruel Brigitta. He will kill himself for those miserable flowers."

"What will be will be," replied the old nurse, with her curious wintry smile.

The girl peeped tremblingly over the edge, but drew back with another scream at sight of the lithe supple figure making its way down the

slippery incline. The second cry brought up the others.

"But what is it, then? Has he fallen? Oh, *Ciel!*" exclaimed Anunciata, looking amazed at the unexpected sight of Thérèse dissolved in angry tears.

"He has not fallen. I did not send him; he would go," sobbed her sister.

"But why then? what have you been saying to him?"

"I said nothing; it was Brigitta, that spiteful old thing, with her sharp tongue that stings like poison. Oh, I wish you had been a league away before you came here to dare him to such madness."

"Let be, let be," purred Brigitta; "he is at the age that loves danger. You told him no flower was worth anything without thorns. Ebbene! he takes you at your word."

"But I do not understand why he went!" exclaimed Anunciata, much perplexed at this sudden outburst of hostility on the part of her sister. "Had you dropped something? Was that why you sent him down?"

But her question fell on inattentive ears, for the girl had once more, drawn near to the edge of the precipice, and was looking down with eyes distended by an agony of apprehensive emotion.

They could hear the sound of the loose falling stones as he crept on towards the goal of his ambition: then followed a breathless silence, in which her very heart stood still, while he balanced himself slowly and cautiously on the narrow spur of rock, and reached up for the coveted blossoms.

"Come back!" cried Thérèse imploringly. "I beseech of Monsieur to come back."

"Not without these," he answered, making a second desperate effort to secure the fluttering flowers.

He swayed and tottered in the movement: he had all but lost his balance. The girl, watching him from above, turned deathly pale, and staggered back fainting into her sister's arms.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the nun excitedly, throwing up her hands with a wild shriek. "What shall we do? O heaven! what a calamity! I have always said this would happen. O saints, O Mother of God, preserve us. Two in one day!"

"Hold your tongue!" said old Brigitta abruptly. "You will frighten him into fits with your screams. Look up, my dove, my pretty one! Have no fears, my angel. Rub her other hand, signorina, so—and you, sister, or whatever you call yourself, dip me this kerchief in the pool yonder, and leave the saints alone; they do no good in cases like these."

The first touch of the cool water on her brow recalled the girl's wandering senses. She opened her dark eyes slowly, looked wonderingly into the anxious face of old Brigitta, and asked in astonishment, "Where am I?"

"On the Hill of Hope," a voice said immediately above her head, and at the same moment a tall figure bent over her and laid a thorny spray of hawthorn in her hand.

"I thought you were killed," she said, and shuddered at the recollection as he knelt down on the grass beside her.

"What will be will be," murmured Brigitta, drawing back the amazed Anunciata. "It is idle to struggle against fate. Go down, signorina, and keep your father quiet; he will be chafing like a wild boar down there in the carriage. Tell him the signorina Thérèse has not been well: leave the rest to me."

Then, turning to her precious nursing, "Ebbene!" she said, with a mischievous twinkle; "so I was 'the ugly, ill-natured old

woman, was I? with a tongue that stings like venom? Ah, signor, you little know what you brought on my poor head. Come, aid me to raise her from the ground, this foolish maiden who sends men on breakneck errands, and then hides her face and weeps. So! now thou art better, *ma belle!* Eh Dio! what now?" for Paul was staring before him with an unmistakeable expression of alarm upon his glowing countenance.

He saw what they did not—the coachman of the Signor Florentia, panting and gesticulating at the other side of the mound about a score of yards from them. In a moment he was beside him, but turned to wave back Thérèse with a quick peremptory gesture, when she would have followed with Brigitta. It seemed an eternity before he returned with a sad anxious face, and said gravely, "Mademoiselle must let me give her my arm down to the church. I am grieved to have to tell her the Signor Florentia is very ill."

"It is his heart! It is one of those awful spasms! Why did we leave him? You should not have kept me. Oh, Brigitta, run on and see what is the matter. Tell him I am coming," and she tried to break away from Paul's restraining arm.

"Stay!" he said earnestly, "I implore of you not to hurry on. It can do no good to you or him."

"Tell me the truth!" she exclaimed, stopping suddenly, and facing him with a wild hunted look that went to his heart. "What did that man say to you?"

"Mademoiselle, I am bringing you to your father."

"He has had attacks like this before, but he was better, so much better till just yesterday. Say he will be better."

"Perhaps he is better," Paul answered very sadly. They turned in at the old gate of the churchyard, where a crowd of people had gathered, who looked at her with curious compassionate glances as he led her past.

She saw it, and her heart stood still with chill terror. Alas! she knew the truth now.

The Hill of Hope had led down for her into the Temple of Death.

So is it often in the music of these poor earthly lives of ours. When its sounds are sweetest, comes straight some jarring and tremendous discord, crushing down among the thrilling cords, and forthwith is that silence which "no music will undo." No after happiness—and perhaps she knew more than falls to the lot of many women—could ever blot out for poor Thérèse that dread vision of her father lying dead at the foot of the high altar.

(To be continued.)

## Musicians in Council.

—:o:—

### Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON,	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON,	Violinist.
MISS SEATON,	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS,	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR,	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE,	Baritone.

**D**R. M. For the first time since our little society started, one of our member has failed us. What has become of our baritone?

Trevor. Oh, he got an offer the other day to join a small concert-party which is going on tour for a few

weeks through Germany. So he is now disporting himself in the Fatherland.

*Mrs. M.* How frightfully envious I feel! Do you know, regularly every spring I am consumed by the most intense longing to go back to Germany. I believe in no other country is the spring such a fixed and beloved institution. I always fancy that the old Saxons must have brought to England the idea of the spring being a delightful season, and the poets among their descendants have clung with pathetic obstinacy to the tradition, in spite of the fearful discouragement they have met with from our climate through all these centuries. Think how in Saxony at this time the whole country is white with the fruit-tree blossom, and, according to their pretty old custom, the dwellers in towns will trudge out miles, merely to feast their eyes on the "Baumblüthe," off which they may not break so much as a single twig. Think how the dear little *cafés* and *bier-gartens* are preening themselves out, arranging their chairs and tables under the trees, and advertising their "Grosse Concerte" of three fiddles and a drum. Oh, why should we not go off to Germany in a body to-morrow, and sing—

O wie wunderschön  
Ist die Frühlingszeit!

*Dr. M.* And forget all about concerts and pupils and services. I am afraid I shall only be able to sing with the Trompeter of Säckingen—

Behüt dich Gott! es wär' zu schön gewesen.  
Behüt dich Gott! es hätt' nicht sollen sein.

*Miss Seaton.* And now, if you have quite done rhapsodizing about spring and Germany, perhaps you will remember that it is your duty to introduce us to some new violin music.

*Mrs. M.* Commend me to a sister for throwing cold water upon one's poetic raptures. Well, I will return good for evil and play a little "Elegie" by G. Saint George (Ch. Woolhouse, London), which I think decidedly pretty. (She plays.)

*Trevor.* Thank you: that is a real bit of "violin-singing." Your instrument always reminds me of what the little Mozart called the "butter fiddle," because it's tone was so smooth; only yours might be named the "butter and honey fiddle."

*Mrs. M.* I am sure my beloved Amati would make you a curtsy for that pretty compliment if it could. But to continue—I have a "Benedictus," which is one of six pieces for the violin, by A. C. Mackenzie (Novello & Co., London). Of course it is well written, like all his things, but it is not a very attractive melody, and the accompaniment is uninteresting. Here is also a "Berceuse," by J. Haakmann (Ch. Woolhouse), which is rather pretty, but bears a strong family resemblance to many other pieces of the same class, and a short easy piece called "L'Adieu," by A. Rubini (Ch. Woolhouse), which would be suitable for not very advanced pupils. That is all my budget. Now, Mr. Trevor, what are those nice fat paper books you are nursing so affectionately?

*Trevor.* Only old friends in new dresses. One is Vol. VI. of *Schubert's Songs*, selected, edited, and translated by Lady Macfarren (Novello, Ewer, & Co.). These volumes contain twenty songs each, and only cost 1s. 6d. Like everything issued by this firm, they are well printed on nice paper, and, as the cheap shops say, are "wonderful value for the money." Uniform with them is an edition of Schumann's song-cycle, *Dichterliebe*, also arranged by Lady Macfarren. The weakest part about each publication is the English translation of the songs.

*Dr. M.* I once tried to translate a German song into English myself, and ever since I have felt the most profound pity for all who undertake such a task. One has either to sacrifice the sense to the rhyme, or the rhyme to the sense; anyhow, it is the most impossible feat to accomplish to one's own satisfaction. Now, Miss Seaton, what have you got?

*Miss S.* I have only brought one song, and I don't think you would care to hear that. It is called "The Golden River," by Joseph Clarkson (London Music Publishing Company), and is rather in the style of "The Lost Chord,"—all on one note, more or less.

*Mrs. M.* That is such a convenient method of composition for people who have not the gift of melody. I never could understand the popularity of that style

of song myself; it always seems to me much ado about nothing. Did you bring nothing else?

*Miss S.* Only a couple of part-songs. One is a setting, by A. C. Mackenzie, of Burns' poem "Bonnie Bell" (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), a nice cheerful little composition, and not at all difficult. The other is called a Bacchanalian part-song for men's voices, by W. Ball (Novello & Co.). It is a rollicking sort of piece, with a lot of hip-hip-hurrahing in it.

*Trevor.* With what an accent of supreme contempt you speak. I wonder anybody dare write, much less sing, Bacchanalian songs now, after the slating Novara got from a Scotch critic the other day for singing "In Cellar Cool." Go on, Dr. Morton.

*Dr. M.* Well, in the first place, I have brought Book VIII. of *The Organ Works of J. S. Bach*, edited by J. F. Bridge and J. Higgs (Novello & Co.). This book contains the Preludes and Fugues for the marvellously moderate price of three shillings. Then here are a couple of original compositions for the organ: one is a Toccata by W. Wood, the other an Introduction and Variations on a Ground Bass by Bathison Haynes (Novello & Co.). Both are a trifle dry, but would make useful practice pieces. I have also got Hamish MacCunn's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which I daresay you all know and admire as much as I do myself.

*Trevor.* I have not had an opportunity of hearing it yet; but I read it through the other day, and thought it very striking indeed. I consider MacCunn very much to be envied for having such splendid national poetry to draw his inspiration from. I can imagine the feelings of a true born Scotchman when setting such lines as those beginning "O Caledonia, stern and wild," or "Lives there a man with soul so dead," etc.

*Mrs. M.* I see Mr. MacCunn has been commissioned by Carl Rosa to write a Scotch opera. That ought to be interesting, as long as he gets a good libretto. I wish he would give the principal part to a contralto, and get Antoinette Sterling to sing it. By the way, aren't we to have any pianoforte music to-day?

*Dr. M.* I have nothing you would care to hear. Only some easy pieces for children, called "Green Leaves," by Joseph Clarkson (J. Heywood, London). These are tuneful little compositions, and quite suitable for beginners. Now I have done.

*Miss C.* One of my songs is called "Homesick," words and air by J. T. Macleod, introduction and accompaniment by Santino Coppa (Methven, Simpson, & Co., Edinburgh). A curious division of labour, isn't it? And after all there is very little in it. Both words and music are hardly above the level of some of the modern Christy Minstrel songs, and those, as you know, are very inferior to the old ones.

*Mrs. M.* Yes; how pretty some of the early ones were. In these days when a real tune is seldom heard, I often think it would be quite refreshing if our ballad singers would fall back occasionally on some of Buckley's songs, such as "Down by the River," or "Somebody's Courting Somebody." They are so simple, and at the same time full of melody, if not of a very elevated type. Aren't you going to sing us anything?

*Miss C.* Yes; I brought Maud Valerie White's "Finland Lovesong." I don't know that it is particularly new, but I only met with it the other day for the first time, and it took my fancy at once. The only drawback to it is that one cannot ask just anybody to play the accompaniment, because the first bar is in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, the second in common time, and the third in  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and three changes of time in three bars is rather startling to a weak-minded person. However, it is perfectly plain sailing after that. Anyhow, Dr. Morton won't be alarmed at it.

*Dr. M.* Thank you; I am glad you don't consider me weak-minded. I will do my best to deserve your high opinion. (She sings.)

*Mrs. M.* Oh, what a dear little song. Why have I never heard it before? It is so thoroughly characteristic and original.

*Trevor.* I expect the air is really some old Finnish melody which Miss White has picked up upon her travels, and made use of. You know she is a great traveller, and has quite a gift for adapting the airs she hears the country people sing, and turning them into the most charming songs.

*Miss S.* The words are very quaint and pretty too. Who wrote them?

*Miss C.* It doesn't say; but I can't help thinking they may be a translation from some Finnish poem. Don't you like the part where the lover says he did not tell his reindeer the way he wished to go?—

But quick he bounded forth.  
For well my reindeer knew  
There's but one path on earth,  
The path that leads to you.

*Dr. M.* Well, it was lucky you kept this song for the last, because I cannot say that the music under discussion this afternoon has been, on the whole, of a very interesting kind. If Boyne is home for our next meeting, I think we had better make him tell us about some new German songs by way of a change.

## "Claudian."

THE beautiful scenes and noble figures of this lately revived play, whose story gives new life to the early Christian centuries, are greatly aided by the incidental music, which seems to flow around them like the atmosphere of that olden time. There is nothing pretentious about it, and we are not aware that the composer (Mr. Edward Jones) has made any great mark in the musical world; but it is certain that he must possess considerable sympathy, and power of expressing and communicating the same. The overture is merely a forecast of the principal subjects, with a singular archaic opening, and a minor strain of regretful sadness running through the whole. One of the airs was composed by Sir Julius Benedict expressly for the play, namely, the melodious harvest hymn sung by the vintagers of Charydos, with a solo, very sweetly given in the late revival by Miss Alice Garth. When music is introduced into a play it is often disturbing, as it hinders the distinct hearing of the words spoken. But the music of "Claudian," while it is a real aid to the illusion, and keeps our modern imaginations in tune with the ancient story, is strictly subordinated to it, and never rises to undue prominence. With the thrilling memories of the drama, it echoes again in the mind's ear, which is a very unusual thing for any but operatic music. The weird, foreboding strains of the song and dance, preceding the earthquake scene, must be remembered by all who have heard them.

Having said these few words of the music of "Claudian," we may add our small tribute of praise to the play itself, before the onward flowing waves of time obliterate from many minds the impression it has made.

The writers of the play have the first if not the highest claim to our praise; they are out of sight, and perhaps too often out of mind; but in all that is spoken of the beauties of "Claudian," let us offer them their due meed of thanks.

The able company which Mr. Wilson Barrett has drawn around him so sympathetically support his central figure, and the ideas of the writers, that the performance presents a unity, as though one heart and brain produced all; and to this much of its success is due. That one brain and heart, however, is Mr. Barrett's, and his impersonation of Claudian has made the character *live* in our hearts and memories.

The story of "Claudian" may be briefly told for the benefit of those who have not seen the play. It is divided into two parts, with the lapse of a hundred years between prologue and play. The opening scene is the market-place of Byzantium, in the midst of which some slaves are grouped for sale; among them a beautiful girl, Serena, who has been married, but not yet purchased by Theorus, a sculptor. This, however, is her last day of slavery: her husband bids for her, but is outbitten by an old voluptuary, who is in his turn outbitten by Claudian Andiates, a young, handsome, and wealthy patrician. The husband remonstrates in vain, and is nearly killed in the conflict, while in the confusion the young wife escapes to the protection of a Christian hermit in the neighbourhood, to whose cave she is tracked by Claudian. The old man is quickly disposed of by the haughty noble, who deals him a mortal wound; but while

clasping the fainting Serena, and wishing he could be young for ever for her sake, the hermit groans out a curse upon him, condemning him to live on and be young while others age and die, but with a fatal blight upon every action, and with a hunger and thirst to do good which shall bring nought but evil—till the solid rocks shall be rent, and he shall have the choice of life or death given him. The hermit falls dead, and the first proof of the fatal spell is seen in the death of Serena, when Claudian, horrified at the fearful prediction, sets her at liberty and prays her forgiveness.

The play—whose scenes are in and near Charydos in Bithynia, a city built by the doomed man—illustrates the working of the spell in various ways; but chiefly in the story of Almida, a pretty and tender-hearted country girl, who, under its influence, having first pitied him, falls in love with Claudian, though previously betrothed to her lover Agazil. She is smitten with sudden blindness in the presence of Claudian and the villagers, who trace all their misfortunes to his accursed presence, and would kill him if they could; but though he courts death in any form, it will not come. He disappears from among them, and is presently followed by the blind girl, who is entirely devoted to her master as she calls him. She falls into the hands of a wicked tetrarch, who has ineffectually sought to marry her, and who, as he supposes, murders Agazil. Claudian, the Prefect, rescues Almida, and leads her to his palace, whence he designs to send her in safety to her home. But her humble yet impassioned love conquers his resolve. They believe Agazil to be dead; and, after a long struggle with his love and his fears for her welfare, Claudian wholly gives way to his tenderness, and takes her to his heart; when, after a menacing roll of thunder, an earthquake separates them and lays the palace and town in ruins. The sight suddenly reminds the heart-broken Claudian of the hermit's prediction. He prays for release, and invokes the spirit of the murdered man, who appears, and warns him that neither Almida nor Agazil are dead, and sternly summons him to choose death, and so release the pair, who are his unintentional victims, from the spell. This is the final struggle, and it ends in the entire surrender of Claudian's will, and his death, preceded by a glorious vision of celestial life.

In Claudian we see a young man of innate power and magnetic attractiveness. His soldiers, his friend, and his African slave love him, though the gladiator hates him. The worthy Zosimus admires him, and all recognise in him a power beyond mere riches. His selfishness is almost naively indulged, as if it were the only thing to be considered, and he the spoiled child of the universe. He thoroughly believes Serena will prefer him to her husband, and expects all things to bend willingly to him, as though he were the all-conquering god of day.

He contemptuously spares his enemy's life when at his mercy, ignoring the wrong he himself has done, and is surprised at the stir and agitation his self-will has caused. The negro is splendid in his dog-like attachment, quick instinct of danger to his master, ferocity, and submission.

The beautiful scene on the Bosphorus, the artistic grouping of the graceful figures, the manly and womanly passion of Theorus and Serena, all make the first part of the prologue a grand picture in memory's gallery.

Then the sudden and effectual bringing down of that proud spirit, crushed by his crime and his doom, whose first effect he has witnessed, is intensely thrilling. We have followed with our eyes that which we too often ignore in the actual world around us, the fatal consequences of unbridled selfishness—despair and death—common as life, but rarely acted out before our eyes.

In the Claudian of the play, power of will and of love is stronger than ever; so is personal attraction, and wealth remains the same, with the added influence of a useful life; but sadness has taken the place of pleasure, and deep compassion for others that of self-indulgence. Still, self is strong, as it must be in such powerful natures; his own identity, his own suffering, his own longing to love and help, possess him; he cannot keep himself out of the lives he would bless, even though he knows too well the misery his presence brings. ("Laugh on!" and the

laughter ceases!) As his doom foretold, he "famines" to do good, though the doing of it does evil. And we love him for it; it is human nature. He begins bravely with Almida in the mocking strain her father counsels (like Sir Lancelot, "That were against me; what I can, I will!"); but it cannot last; and we willingly hear the tone of wholesome harshness exchanged for the wonderful pathos with which he glides involuntarily into self-pity, and the heart-breaking cry of his pain, the sudden, unwonted tears, and the prayer to heaven for mercy. No supernatural spell was needed to turn the girl's heart into a flame of pure pity and worship. The scene when the gathering crowd fill the air with murmurs and shouts of hatred against one whose heart ached with love to them, though they knew it not, strikes a very solemn note of resemblance to the highest love and pain.

Claudian's love for Almida is simply begotten by hers; it is friendship and gratitude passing into love, which is nobly held in check till there seems no further reason for the self-denial.

Two of the most lovely moments in the play are those in which he throws away his sword and awaits Agazil's dagger, and subsequently holds out his hand, the white hand of the prince, to the brown palm of the peasant, and throws such a world of pathetic meaning into the two words, "Thanks, friend!" Noble and tender impulses, finely looked and acted. The whole scene in his palace is most beautiful, and the love scene with Almida very delicate and touching. The earthquake is universally allowed to be one of the most wonderful things ever put on the stage.

The last act is truly the key to the whole. Agazil's self-denial, and Claudian's overmastering passion of mingled grief, remorse, and despair; the quick pain with which Clement's stern, rebuking words strike the great tender heart that is wholly turned to good and unconscious of its lingering self-love; the final struggle and victory, the complete self-renunciation, and the lovely hints of the higher joy, the eternal life ("not death!"), are the noble end of a life rather than a play.

It is curious to imagine what effect this noble play has had upon the widely different men and women who have seen it. We have seen very coarse natures temporarily subdued by it and passive to its sway. Dull lives, we know, have been stirred by it; care has been driven away for awhile; weary lives have been dragged out of their painful grooves; tired fancy brightened; weakness strengthened.

In Agazil's trusting spirit we would shake hands with Claudian as we take farewell, and in his own words emphatically say to him, "Thanks, friend!"

M. S. W.

## Accidentals.

It is announced by a local paper that the committee of the Leeds Musical Festival have commissioned Sir Arthur Sullivan to compose a work which is expected to prove the most important he has yet produced. In consequence of this arrangement, Sir Arthur will be unable to write the short choral work which the committee had hoped to obtain for Leeds.

ACCORDING to the French papers, Mr. Augustus Harris intends to produce this summer at Drury Lane M. Paladilhe's "Patrie." For this production the composer has, it is declared, rearranged the work, and it is alleged that the principal roles will be played by M. Lassalle and M. Jean de Reszké.

THE name of Edward Thomas Delafeld, who died last week in absolute oblivion and obscurity at Namur, Belgium, was a household word to opera-goers of forty years ago. The "Delafeld and Webster" disastrous season at Her Majesty's, between 1845 and 1850, still lingers in the memory of many persons living, and it left the former gentleman absolutely ruined.

THE stewards of the Gloucester Festival were, at a recent meeting, to take into consideration the expediency of inviting ladies to join their body. Seeing that the duties of a steward, apart from an obligation to subscribe, are mainly nominal, and when not nominal are optional; seeing also that ladies are always forward in interesting themselves in the cause of charity, the course to be taken is not doubtful.

It is officially announced that the London Symphony Concerts are to be resumed in November next. It may be that this further effort will succeed in turning the corner, and opening up a brighter outlook.

SIGNOR VERDI has put a final stop to the projected jubilee celebration of the production of his first opera. He has asked his publishers, who hold the sole right of performance, not to permit any of his music to be played by the proposed jubilee committee. Thus the whole affair falls to the ground.

AN interesting article upon the "Music of the British Army," by Mr. F. Crowe, appears in the May number of the *National Review*. This consists of a clear account of the bandsman's life, training, and pay, the tunes which different regiments have adopted to distinguish themselves from others, the difficulties under which the smaller bandmasters labour, and those reforms which have been introduced by successive Secretaries of State. It may be news to some that the bands of the British army never go into action at all. They are either left behind in this country, or their musical instruments are returned into store, and they themselves are used as stretcher-bearers and hospital assistants.

MISS HOPE GLENN, the well-known contralto, was married to Mr. Richard Heard at the Presbyterian Church, Upper George Street, on May 16. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Donald Fraser; Sir Arthur Sullivan gave the bride away, and the best man was Mr. Ernest Birch. The musical part of the service was undertaken by Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. J. C. Robertson, Mr. Plunkett Greene, and Mr. Frederic Cliffe.

NEWS of Mr. Santley was received from the Red Sea. His health and spirits were excellent, tempered only by the exceeding heat. At Brindisi he was gratified by receiving a card of good wishes, which Sir Charles Hallé had forwarded from Naples.

MR. ABBEY has engaged Master Otto Hegner for a tour in the United States next winter, on terms higher than those paid to the father of the unfortunate little Hofmann. It is to be hoped that the manager's recent luck will change, and that his latest *portefeuille* will not break down in health. Hegner gives two farewell concerts in St. James's Hall before setting out on this new enterprise.

MR. CHARLES BANKS, the tenor, has resolved to try his fortune on the lyric stage, and, accordingly, has left London for Italy, to begin a course of training under Italian masters.

SIR FREDERIC GORE OUSELEY has bequeathed his valuable musical library to the trustees of St. Michael's College, Tenbury; or, if they refuse it, to the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will issue very soon the appendix to the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, which will complete the fourth volume. It has been edited, under the supervision of Sir George Grove, by Mr. J. Fuller Maitland. A complete index to the work is in an advanced state of preparation, and will be issued as a separate volume.

A SINGING competition was to take place at the Soho Club for Working Girls on May 18, when members of nine London working girls' clubs were

to contend for two prizes, one given by the Hon. Maude Stanley (secretary), the other by Mr. W. Thomas (treasurer). The work chosen as the trial piece for all was the part-song "We'll go Maying," in addition to which each class was to sing a composition of its own selection.

MR. COWEN has, it is alleged, been asked to appoint an English conductor of the Sydney (Australia) Symphony Orchestra at a salary of £1000 per annum.

THE copyright of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" expires next month, when any publisher who pleases can issue the work without fear of an injunction. In anticipation of this, Messrs. Novello & Co., the holders of the copyright, have produced a shilling pocket edition, very clearly printed on good paper.

JENNY LIND's monument (a beautiful cross ten feet high) has just been finished in Glasgow. It is a tribute to her memory by her husband, and will be erected in London.

THE National Musical Association of Wales is, we are glad to know, perfecting its organization with a view to entrance upon active work. A meeting of the executive committee took place recently, at which was submitted a rough draft of a scheme of operations. This scheme contemplates a vigorous effort on behalf of instrumental music,—so much neglected in the Principality,—and provides for a supply of teachers and lecturers in connection with this important branch of the art.

SOME time ago the betrothal was announced of Miss Allison Pettie, only daughter of Mr. Pettie, R.A., to Mr. Hamish MacCunn. We now learn that the marriage is to take place during the present month.

A MOST successful concert was given in the Town Hall, Haverfordwest, on April 25, in aid of St. Martin's School Building Fund. The vocalists were Madame Glanffrd Thomas, R.A.M., Miss Braine, Mr. D. H. Brown, and Mr. Richards, who were supplemented by an orchestral band of forty performers. Madame Thomas sang in magnificent style, and met with a most enthusiastic reception, but the piece of the evening was Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, played by Miss Lilian Thomas, R.A.M., in conjunction with the orchestra, in which that young lady's skill and ability were fully displayed. The hall was filled with a most enthusiastic audience, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate what may be considered one of the best classical concerts ever given in Haverfordwest. Miss Lilian Thomas acted as accompanist throughout the evening.

A BUENOS AYRES correspondent sends us some particulars of a recent concert given by the Deutsche Sing-Akademie of that city, under the leadership of Maestro Pietro Melani. The programme was a somewhat ambitious one. The first part included four short pieces for a chorus of female voices by Heymann-Reineck, the alto solo "Erbarme dich" out of Bach's "Matthäus Passion," Gade's unaccompanied chorus, "O du, der die Liebe bist," and the "Hallelujah" Chorus. The second part consisted of five numbers out of Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," which our correspondent states, received a very satisfactory rendering. The concerts of the Deutsche Sing-Akademie take place four times a year, and are usually well attended.

A NEW banjo has come into the market. It is the invention of Mr. Harry Shadwell, who makes the body of the instrument from half a calabash gourd. Hence the name "Calabash Banjo." It recommends itself not only by exceeding lightness, which fits it for the use of ladies, but by a singularly musical and sympathetic tone.

## Between Heaven and Earth.

THE DOVE AND THE PRIMA DONNA.

A UNIQUE and moving spectacle was presented on Saturday and Sunday to the crowd of bystanders at the Graben. A tender, little, white dove was caught on Saturday afternoon in the ironwork of the figure of an angel on the Pulverthurm, and all her efforts to free herself were in vain. An enormous crowd gazed sympathetically at the sufferings of the poor bird, who kept continually fluttering about with one wing in her struggle to get away. A number of the bystanders ran to summon the assistance of the police; but the latter could do nothing but refer them to the municipal authorities, the Pulverthurm being the property of the city, and accordingly not subject to police jurisdiction. Shortly before nightfall Herr Kandert, the acting burgomaster, gave orders for a number of firemen to betake themselves to the Pulverthurm; but on inspection they found it was too dark to liberate the bird. And so the poor bird remained all night in her painful situation.

Early next morning the acting burgomaster received a number of letters entreating him to do everything in his power to release the poor bird. During the forenoon ten firemen appeared at the Pulverthurm, with instructions from Herr Kandert to liberate the captive dove, a task which was associated with great danger. A crowd numbering several hundred persons followed all the preparations with the keenest interest. Suddenly an agile fireman was seen to swing himself into the air from the highest window. He was fastened in a netting made of ropes attached to a sort of cable, which was held fast by nine members of the Prague Fire Brigade. The intrepid fireman thus hovered between heaven and earth until he could be lowered to the spot where the dove was caught. At last after much swaying to and fro he managed to reach and liberate the bird. When he took the bird in his hands, the brave fireman was saluted with thundering cheers and shouts of "Sláva." Every window in the "Hotel zum blauen Stern" opposite the Pulverthurm was crowded with hotel guests, who manifested equal interest in the daring of our fire brigade.

Suddenly right through the crowd darted the figure of a graceful girl, running to the Pulverthurm to thank the fireman for his courageous act. When the fireman came down from the tower to the street, this charming young girl ran up to him, took the dove out of his hands, and covered her with kisses and caresses; then she took from her finger a splendid diamond ring, which she presented to the gallant fireman, giving his comrades at the same time a handsome pecuniary reward. It was afterwards ascertained that the heroine of this generous action was the prima donna who has just arrived at the "Hotel zum blauen Stern."—Mademoiselle Nikita. —From the *Prague Montags-Revue*, 22nd April 1889.

## Foreign Notes.

AN interesting *début* was recently made at the Opera-House at Elberfeld by an artist who appeared under the *nom de theatre* of Marie Lindes. This young lady, who sang the part of Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser," is really Miss Marie Joachim, daughter of Dr. Joachim. She has been taught by her mother, herself a distinguished vocalist, and her success is said to have been so great that she was forthwith engaged for a certain period at Elberfeld and Barmen.

AN Italian composer, Vincenzo Sassaroli, has entered upon the difficult undertaking of setting all the Psalms to music. It may be questioned whether any composer has ever yet completed this task, much as the Psalms have been used for musical purposes.

Marcello set some fifty Psalms to music, mostly for two voices, but the greater undertaking of setting the whole book has yet to be done.

ARRANGEMENTS are already being made in St. Petersburg for the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Rubinstein's birthday in November next, when the great pianist will also have completed his fiftieth year of public service. From November 13th to 30th the musical hero will be feted by lovers of art in the Russian capital. His friends have also resolved to mark the double event by establishing a fund wherewith to construct in his honour a new hall within the bounds of the Conservatoire of Music, of which he is the present director, and they invite the co-operation of admirers in England and elsewhere, in order that this compliment to Rubinstein may partake of a cosmopolitan character.

THE *Dresdener Tageblatt* asserts that the Intendant of the Berlin Opera, Graf Hochberg, has offered Hofrath Schuch, court conductor of the Dresden Opera, a salary of 25,000 marks (or about £1250) per annum to come to Berlin, but that the latter has not as yet accepted.

HERR REICHMANN, the Austrian baritone, has ceased to be a member of the company of the Imperial Opera-House of Vienna a little more suddenly than he intended. Having given notice two or three months ago that he wished to withdraw on June 1, he was informed that his services would be dispensed with at once. The Intendant is said to have become tired of yielding to the growing demands of the spoilt artist, and thus adopted a very effective method of putting a stop to them. It is stated that Reichmann will very shortly pay a visit to that haven of refuge for *passé* European vocalists, the United States.

THE Emperor of Germany will, it is believed, visit Bayreuth this year, and attend some of the Wagner performances. His stay will be limited to five days.

ONE does not, in England, hear a great deal about Finnish music, and it is therefore interesting to know that the eightieth anniversary of the birth of F. Pacius, one of the greatest composers yet produced by the nation, has just been celebrated amid great rejoicings. M. Pacius is best known by his opera, "King Charles' Hunting."

A WORK which will have peculiar interest for musical students is the forthcoming monograph on the music of the Omaha Indians, which is in preparation by Miss Alice Fletcher, who has received assistance from Mr. Francis Le Flesche, of the Omaha tribe. The book will include transcripts of more than a hundred native songs, and will thus be invaluable as an addition to the scanty literature of folk-lore and music.

LADY composers are to the fore in Stockholm, where, on the stage of the Theatre Royal, a new opera-bouffe will shortly be produced, the music of which is by Madame Hélène Munktel. The work is entitled "A Florence," and the subject is taken from mediæval Italian history.

TWO musical functions will take place at the Trocadero during the Paris Exhibition, of which the programmes will consist exclusively of Russian music. They will be conducted by M. Korsakoff, and will also serve to introduce to France a pianist of high reputation, M. Lavroff. The first will take place on June 21.

BELLINI's piano, with whose aid he evolved the works which moved him to such admiration of his own genius, has just been sold for less than £2. The purchaser is Signor Brancalone, of Catane, who has presented it to his wife. Naturally, the journalists of Bellini's birthplace are suggesting to the lady that she should present the instrument to the town, so that it may not pass into foreign hands.

## Edinburgh Musical Notes.

A LARGE company, which included many of the leading professional and well-known amateur musicians of Edinburgh, assembled in the Waterloo Hotel on the 11th ult., to hear Herr Lichtenstein relate his reminiscences of the musical world. The Society of Musicians, under whose auspices the lecture was delivered, may be congratulated on having scored a decided success, both in regard to the quality of the entertainment, and the distinguished and artistic audience which it attracted. Herr Lichtenstein is well known as the head of an educational establishment, but, although enjoying the reputation of being one of the ablest and most conscientious of pianoforte teachers, there were probably few present, outside his own immediate circle of friends, who suspected that he had not only met but had enjoyed the friendship of many great masters of the musical art, whose names are among those most prominent on the scroll of fame during the past forty years.

THE name of Liszt had hardly been mentioned before it became evident that Herr Lichtenstein—who met the great maestro when he (Liszt) was thirty-five years of age—had fallen under the spell which the unique personality of the Abbé seems to have exercised over all whose rare privilege it has been to have met him and to have heard him play.

IN answer to a question by Herr Lichtenstein, Rubinstein (*à propos* of the Appassionata Sonata) assured him with impressive emphasis that no one should ever think of comparing Liszt with any other living or dead pianist.

SPEAKING of his meeting with Berlioz and Heller, the lecturer referred to the old story of Paganini sending Berlioz a highly eulogistic letter and enclosing 20,000 francs. There were, he said, several versions of the story, but the correct one was that the money had been subscribed by several of Berlioz' friends and admirers. Referring to the Comtesse Therese Brunswick, to whom Beethoven dedicated the Sonata in F sharp, Herr Lichtenstein gave an amusing account of the absent-mindedness of the master when giving his pupil a lesson. It was nothing unusual, she was wont to relate, to turn round after finishing a piece, and find the master's thoughts anywhere apparently but with the work in hand, while at the same time he hummed some theme which was soon afterwards to be incorporated in one of his works. In this same connection the lecturer mentioned that Rubinstein, while presiding at a dinner-party in Edinburgh, managed to combine incipient composition with conversation in a very curious fashion, talking and humming alternately with the utmost seriousness.

TIME was too limited to allow of Herr Lichtenstein doing more than briefly advert to a number of interesting personages in the musical world, including Hallé, Madame Szarvady, *née* Miss Wilhelm Clauss, Patti, and others; but so thoroughly charmed were those present with what they had heard, not less than with the quaintly pleasing manner of the lecturer, that it is by no means improbable that a strong effort will be made to get Herr Lichtenstein to continue his eminently interesting "musical reminiscences." On the motion of Mr. Black, publisher, Herr Lichtenstein was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company appeared at the Lyceum Theatre last month. The chief attraction was, of course, Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," which was performed four times during the week. The thanks of music-lovers are due to the Carl Rosa Company for the spirited enterprise displayed in producing these magnificent works, which come to many of the younger generation as a revelation. The company all round was excellent, and the audiences were large and brilliant.

## Better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, May 1889.

DEAREST ALICE,—Were not you dreadfully shocked at hearing of the unexpected death of Carl Rosa? I could hardly realize it at first, it seemed but yesterday that he was here in the full vigour of manhood, busily superintending the first production of "La Juive" and "The Puritan's Daughter," and now the Court Theatre will know him no more. He died at the helm, for the fatal journey to Paris was undertaken solely in order to try and make arrangements for the speedy production in England of Bizet's opera "Les Pêcheurs de Perles." Even when he left London he was suffering from a sore throat, which was further aggravated by a cold and stormy passage across the Channel, and on arriving in France he felt so ill that he was obliged to go to bed. From that bed, alas! he was never to rise again, for his constitution, already weakened by overwork, could not resist the fell onslaught of disease. In Liverpool his loss is deeply felt, for our city has always been his headquarters in the provinces; and of the numerous operas which he has placed on the English stage of late years, a very large percentage first saw the light on the boards of one of our local theatres, a distinction very flattering to Liverpoolians. To-day the heartfelt sympathy of hundreds of our citizens is with his sorrowing wife and aged mother in their sore affliction, and the Court Theatre, which is the property of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, was, on the Saturday after his death, the repository of a mass of exquisite wreaths and other floral tributes waiting to be sent up to London for the funeral. A beautiful wreath from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, an institution in aid of which Mr. Rosa gave a grand concert every season, was among the number.

Mr. H. Bruce, or "daddy Bruce" as he is affectionately nicknamed in Liverpool, the courteous manager of the Court Theatre and the valued friend of the late Carl Rosa, has been appointed with Mr. A. Harris, joint-managing director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and, although sorry to lose his familiar presence from our midst, we all wish him every success in his new rôle.

And now, away with melancholy and let me pass on to brighter things.

We received invitations to attend at the weddings of two musical celebrities next week. The first is that of Miss Hope Glenn with Mr. Richard Heard, an American journalist. It is to take place at Marylebone Presbyterian Church of England, Portman Square, on Thursday, May 16th. The second is that of Miss Anna Lang, the Swedish violinist, with Mr. Edwin Hulbert Wolseley, a gentleman from the Emerald Isle, and will be celebrated on Saturday, May 18th, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. I sadly fear I shall not be able to be present at either ceremony, for my work will not allow me to absent myself from Liverpool at present; so I must be content with making the post my messenger to convey my heartiest congratulations and good wishes for all future happiness to both the talented brides.

Sarasate has just sent me the programme for his six concerts at St. James's Hall this season; four are with orchestra and two with pianoforte. As to the latter, the pianiste will be Madame Bertha Marx, the lady with whom he recently played at Berlin. On looking through this musical bill of fare, I find two *pièces de résistance*, both novelties in England, namely a violin Concerto in F sharp, with orchestral accompaniment, by Edouard Lalo, which is to be given at the fourth concert on June 1st; and a *duo*, "Navarra," for two violins with orchestra, by Sarasate, to be played by the composer and Miss Nettie Carpenter at the last concert on June 15th. Miss Nettie Carpenter is a pupil of Sarasate's, and judging from what I have heard her do at the Liverpool Art Club and elsewhere, she follows closely in her master's footsteps, and is quite worthy of the honour which he has conferred upon her, by selecting her to play a duet with him in public.

This month has been musically a most uneventful

one for Liverpool; we have not had a single concert of importance, and are reduced to chewing the cud of last month's musical repasts in order to prevent ourselves dying from *ennui*. The new comic opera "La Girovete," by Coedes, was at the Prince of Wales' Theatre last week, and to-day D'Oyly Carte's Company will give "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the Court Theatre, their place being taken next week by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The latter, however, only intend giving seven performances, two of "The Star of the North," two of "The Puritan's Daughter," "Maritana," "The Bohemian Girl," and "Lucia."

Among the many *on dits* that I am constantly hearing is one that holds out to us the promise of a musical treat. Mr. Emile Bach, a pupil of the late Abbé Liszt, and a well-known pianist in London, intends coming to Liverpool in the autumn to give a concert with Madame Marcella Sembrich, the famous pupil of the renowned teacher Madame Marchesi. She is now singing in the metropolis, and the criticisms I have read make me long to hear her.

Sylvie writes from Cologne that Herr Wüllner, the head of the Cologne Conservatoire, has forbidden the members of his orchestra to take separate engagements during the summer months as they have formerly done, because he thinks they will deteriorate in the excellence of their *ensemble* if they play in other bands. They therefore intend giving open-air concerts in Cologne and its environs under the bâton of their own conductor, and are open to accept any offer of an engagement, providing the invitation extends to the whole band.

I think Herr Wüllner's decision shows great wisdom, for it is wonderful what a high degree of perfection can be arrived at by artists who are in the habit of constantly playing together. They become thoroughly acquainted with each other's characteristics, and know exactly every little *nuance* in each other's playing, so that to the listener their performance sounds like the interpretation of one man. It is the refinement of torture to any musical connoisseur to listen to an orchestra in which every player is pulling a different way and each is fighting for supremacy. This reminds me of a good story I once heard.

A country farmer went one evening to an amateur concert at which a string quartet was included in the programme. During the somewhat lengthy performance of this item, the farmer listened most intently, and, to the great astonishment of his neighbours, towards the end he appeared to get very excited, rising from his chair and muttering frequent bravos under his breath; when at last the final chord was played, he exclaimed in disappointed tones, "Well, I declare, if it isn't a dead heat after all!"

And now, dear, good-bye.—With best love, your affectionate sister,

NETTA.

## Plymouth Notes.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MUSICALLY, things are very quiet down here just now. Indoor concerts, of any note, are practically unknown at this time of the year, so far as this part of the country is concerned. The most important musical fixture—the Marine *Matinée*—is suspended until next season, the concerts I noticed in my last "Notes" having been the last for the present. But, still, there are one or two matters, a brief reference to which will probably interest your readers.

MR. J. W. TURNER'S Grand English Opera Company has, since last writing, performed here for a fortnight. Some of the more prominent members of the company made a good impression by their singing, and the *tout ensemble* was such as to secure good houses throughout the visit. A sacred concert given in the Guildhall on Good Friday evening was, all things considered, well attended. Conscientious scruples as to the propriety of "concerts" at that particular season precluded a good many from enjoying a real musical treat. Under conditions more favourable, such an excellent programme performed by such capable *artistes* would have attracted a very much larger audience.

*Mirabile dictu*, "Dorothy" has not yet, save at second-hand, taken captive the hearts of Plymothians. Of course many, in the course of London perambulations, have made themselves personally acquainted with the fair and far-famed charmer; but the majority of West of England residents are still looking forward to that delight. To them, the announcement that Mr. Cellier's delightful music, and Mr. Stephenson's often pretty libretto are soon to be given here, with all desirable accessories, is matter for joyful anticipation.

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THE Plymouth Vocal Association recently gave what may, on the whole, be considered a successful "opera recital" (*vide* programmes) of Gounod's "Faust." The audience was large, but should have been larger. The list of soloists evidenced great enterprise on the part of the Association, and ought to have ensured a crowded hall. However, I hope the large number that actually attended sufficed to meet the necessarily heavy expenses. Madame Nordica threw herself heart and soul into the part of Margaret, and her singing and acting took the audience by storm. And deservedly so; for, although of course the star of the evening, she contrived with her brilliant vocalization to give a fine exposition of Margaret rather than of Nordica. In other words, and to adopt a theatrical vulgarism, she very creditably refrained from singing "to the gallery." Mr. Henry Piercy was to have taken Faust, but was compelled at the last moment, by indisposition, to give way to Mr. Ivor M'Kay. This latter gentleman's singing, although at times hardly powerful enough, was so finished and so genuinely artistic that he scored a real success. Mr. Sauvage, as Valentine, followed Madame Nordica's example, and sang in truly operatic fashion. In consequence, although at first his singing was a little harsh, he received some of the heartiest applause of the evening. Mr. Henry Pope was now and again very effective as Mephistopheles. Mr. Joseph Barker and Miss Alice M'Farlane, both well known locally, also did some creditable work. Last, but not at all least, must be mentioned the beautiful singing of Madame Belle Cole (Siebel)—a lady whom Plymouth audiences will always welcome with delight.

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COMING to the work of the chorus and orchestra, and the performance in general, it is not possible to speak in terms of undiluted praise. A little more light and shade would have been welcome; a better understanding as to the proper time for standing or sitting would have added effect to the movements of the chorus; while, also, a definite pre-arrangement as to whether the work should be given in English or Italian would have spared us the anomaly of an Anglo-Italian garden scene. I am bound to say that these and other indications seemed to point to insufficient rehearsal. Mr. Pardew had not his forces easily enough under control. But, no doubt, all this will be remedied at future concerts. Mr. Pardew has only recently succeeded the lamented Mr. F. A. Löhr as conductor, the difficulty of stepping into whose shoes must be granted. Against the imperfections above noted must be set fine renderings of the "Scene of the Kermesse" and the famous "Soldiers' Chorus," which the audience were strongly inclined to demand.

## The Musical Season in Bristol.

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ON looking back through the vista of the last eight months, we cannot in any reason complain of a paucity of concerts, for in this respect we have, as a city, been liberally dealt with. The subject for regret is rather that there should be such an absence of united effort, both on the part of our musicians and of the public. By individual enterprise we enjoy occasional visits from eminent vocalists and instrumentalists; but the saying

that "nothing succeeds in Bristol for long," is sadly verified in the fate of our serial concerts; both of orchestral and chamber music. We were once justly proud of our Monday Popular Orchestral Concerts; they are now a thing of the past. Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy have for several years given us a series of classical chamber concerts of the highest class, both as regards performers and programmes; these, we hear, are now to be abandoned, on account of the large pecuniary loss which they involve.

Then again, our largest and most prominent musical body, the Bristol Musical Festival Society, had to announce a serious deficit as the result of the Festival in the autumn. First-rate programmes were provided; the choir did their best, Sir Charles Hallé and his band did likewise, as also, in a very eminent degree, did the vocal "stars," who were engaged; nevertheless the attendances at all but one concert were more or less sparse, which fact was not encouraging to the managers. The Society again came before the public in February, when, at the invitation of Sir George Edwards, the choir (trained as usual by Mr. D. Rootham), and Sir Charles Hallé's band, with competent vocalists, united in the production of Haydn's "Creation" and other smaller works, at an afternoon and an evening concert. Again the audiences were by no means crowded, and, though one does not see the balance-sheet of a private undertaking, the presumption that it was considerably on the wrong side was hardly to be avoided.

Amongst the failures of the season may be classed an attempt, which owed its origin to Sir George Edwards, to establish regular Monday Popular Orchestral Concerts at the Victoria Rooms. The band was under the conductorship of Mr. Trimmell (professor of music to Clifton College), and the programmes were varied by vocal selections; but the expected audience was chiefly an invisible one, and a series of six meetings resulted in the relegation of the whole scheme to the ranks of the defunct, and probably also in the considerable lightening of the promoter's pocket for the necessary decent burial.

Mr. F. J. Liebich, one of our resident pianists, intended giving a series of four subscription chamber concerts during the season, but the first one proved so discouraging that the plan was given up. In spite of first-rate outside talent, the small room in which the concert was held was nearly empty.

Having now damped both my own and my readers' spirits with this depressing catalogue of comparative or complete failures, let me refresh myself and them with a glance at the brighter side of the picture.

The annual "ladies' night" of the Madrigal Society took place early in January, and was, as usual, a great success. A most satisfactory rendering of an excellent programme was fully appreciated by the large audience which filled the Victoria Rooms, and reflected credit both upon the choir and upon their indefatigable conductor, Mr. D. Rootham.

The annual concert of the Orpheus Glee Society, given in February, was even more popular than ever, to judge by the "packed" appearance of the Colston Hall. Old favourites and new compositions received the same perfect rendering, and we are confident that this society, under the able conductorship of Mr. George Riseley, will give a good account of itself at the concert which it has been invited to give in St. James's Hall on the 28th inst., too late for notice in this letter. The Society of Bristol Gleemen gave evidence of careful work at their second annual concert, given in the autumn, the performance being a distinct advance upon that of the previous year.

Miss Mary Lock's series of four popular chamber concerts was fairly well patronized, the programmes were generally interesting and creditably rendered. The Saturday Popular Concerts must not be forgotten. They are entertainments chiefly meant for the working classes; the price of admission is very low, and the music is as varied as possible. Generally speaking, some work of merit, such as a sacred or secular cantata, is given by the combined forces of Mr. George Gordon's choir and band, and the second part of the concert is composed of miscellaneous solos, vocal and instrumental, and glees or choruses. Mr. Gordon must be gratified by the large and hearty audience which invariably fills the Colston Hall whenever one of these concerts is announced.

On the vacant Saturday evenings, and on the first Thursday afternoon in each month, organ recitals have been given as usual by Mr. George Riseley at the Colston Hall, and have proved a means of both instruction and enjoyment to those attending them.

It remains to notice a few occasional concerts, such as Mr. Frederic Lamond's pianoforte recital, given in the autumn; a very enjoyable pianoforte and violin recital given by Miss Florence Eyre and Herr Brodsky (of Leipzig) in February; a delightful evening of music rendered by Madame Norman Neruda and Sir Charles Hallé in the following month, besides some successful concerts given in aid of the sufferers by the severe floods at the beginning of March.

Perhaps a word about our new Amateur Orchestral Society may be of interest. It was started in October last, with the object of furnishing amateurs with the means of practising orchestral music, and weekly rehearsals have been held during the winter under the leadership of Mr. Carrington and the conductorship of Mr. Riseley, which are to result in a concert being given on the 21st inst., too late to be noticed in this number. The Society now consists of 122 members, and rapid improvement is being made in their performances. Symphonies, overtures, and marches are taken in hand, and pianoforte concertos have also formed a part of the scheme, the soloists being both professional and amateur ladies. The coming concert promises to be creditable as a first essay of an amateur society, and the financial position is so far satisfactory.

Good work has also been done by various choral societies during the season, the concert given by Mr. John Barrett's choir being one of the most successful.

## Notes from Leeds.

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THE season here is now quite at an end, and, besides Festival news, there is nothing to chronicle but the performances of Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion" on two evenings in Passion Week. It has been the annual custom to give the work as a service at the Parish Church once or oftener during Lent, but hitherto with organ accompaniment only. On these occasions, however, an excellent orchestra (led by Herr Eckener) had been got together, and the listeners had for the first time an opportunity of studying Bach's wonderful orchestral writing. The choir was as usual considerably augmented, and the soloists consisted of Madame Tomlinson, Madame Robiolio (of Mr. A. Harris's Opera Company), Mr. Charles Blagbro, Mr. Browning, and other members of the choir. These were all most efficient, if the exception be named that the contralto on the first of the two evenings was unfamiliar with her part. The tenor got through his arduous task with more than his usual success. It cannot be said that expectations were realized at each rendering, as on the former the tuning of the organ was not in accord with that of the strings, but with this rectified the succeeding evening saw a most admirable performance. Dr. Cresser conducted with great care, and the organ was under the masterly control of Mr. Alfred Benton.

The Festival choir is now hard at work, rehearsing twice weekly, and report speaks highly of its quality. The total strength is 317, made up of 85 sopranos, 58 contraltos, 19 altos, 79 tenors, and 76 basses. Mr. Broughton, the chorus trainer, made a very sensible speech at the opening rehearsal, referring to the stupendous nature of the choral work done at the last Festival, and expressing the hope that the final rehearsals would not be made so severe upon the chorists, who came up to the first performance already in a jaded condition. Schubert's Mass in E flat is already completed, and Brahms' Requiem is now in hand.

Sir Arthur Sullivan will not produce anything new for the approaching event, but it is stated he has accepted a commission to write an important oratorio for 1892. In place of the "short new work" which

was promised by him, the committee have accepted a new composition by Dr. Stanford, entitled "The Voyage of Maeldune," written for chorus, with soprano and tenor solos.

The revised programme—which it will be noticed consists almost entirely of short works—is as follows:—

WEDNESDAY MORNING.		
Dramatic Legend	"Faust"	Berlioz.
WEDNESDAY EVENING.		
Cantata	"The Sword of Argantyr" (Written for the Festival.)	F. Corder.
Third Act of "Tannhäuser"		Wagner.
THURSDAY MORNING.		
Cantata	"God's time is the best"	Back.
Mas in E flat		Schubert.
Cantata	"Acis and Galatea"	Handel.
THURSDAY EVENING.		
Short Cantata	"The Sacrifice of Freia" (Written for the Festival.)	Dr. Cresser.
Symphony	"The consecration of Sound"	Sophr.
Madrigals		
Violin Concerto in E minor (S. Sarasate)		Mendelssohn.
Prize Songs (tenor)	"Die Meistersinger"	Wagner.
Overture	"Le Nozze di Figaro"	Mozart.
FRIDAY MORNING.		
Ode (Words by Pope)		Hubert Parry.
Violin Solo	(Written for the Festival.)	
Choral Symphony (No. 9)		Beethoven.
FRIDAY EVENING.		
Short New Work	"The Voyage of Maeldune"	Stanford.
Song (Soprano)		
Overture	"Der Freischütz"	Weber.
Midsummer Night's Dream		Mendelssohn.
SATURDAY MORNING.		
Requiem		Brahms.
Symphony Cantata	"Hymn of Praise" (Lobgesang)	Mendelssohn.
SATURDAY EVENING.		
Cantata	"The Golden Legend" (Written for the Leeds Festival of 1886.)	Sullivan.
Overture	"Mirella"	Gounod.

## Music in North Staffordshire.

A SERIES of popular concerts has been given during the past month in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, to large audiences, the principal feature of each being an organ recital.

The organists were Mr. C. W. Perkins, of Birmingham; Mr. W. H. Jude, of Liverpool; M. Eugène Gigout, organist of St. Augustine, Paris; and Mr. Reay, Mus. Bac. M. Gigout's performance included an elaborate improvisation on a theme given by Mr. Gould, Mus. Bac., of Hanley.

The Newcastle Philharmonic Society again introduced a new work to the district by giving an admirable performance of Dvorák's cantata, "The Spectre's Bride," in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, on April 26th. The principals were Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. Andrew Black, and the chorus numbered 150 voices. The orchestra, consisting of 33 performers from Sir Charles Hallé's orchestra, gave valuable assistance in the cantata, and, in addition, played Mozart's overture to "Zauberflöte" and two movements from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony in masterly style. Mrs. Hutchinson sang with great expression the very elaborate soprano music, and with Mr. Kearton in the duets for tenor and soprano greatly impressed the audience. Mr. Black, who appeared as substitute for Mr. Grice, was heard for the first time in the district on this occasion. His dramatic rendering of the baritone solos was highly commendable. The choruses were sung with spirit and correctness, and with the help of the band the choir did full justice to the weird and, in places, startling music to which Dvorák has set the imaginative Bohemian legend. The cantata was most favourably received,

and, it is to be hoped, will be heard again. Mr. Jas. Alcock, Mus. Bac., the conductor of the Society, discharged the duties of directing the performance with his accustomed ability.

The Burslem Tonic Sol-fa Choir, conducted by Mr. W. Docksey, gave their last concert on May 14th. The programme was miscellaneous in character, the chief items being Mendelssohn's setting to Psalm cxiv., and five part-songs, of which Hamish MacCunn's "Oh, where art thou dreaming," so pleased the audience that it had to be repeated. The soloists were Miss Conway, soprano, of Manchester, and Signor Risegari, the famous violinist.

On May 16th, the Stoke-upon-Trent Philharmonic Society brought their season to a close by a performance in the Town Hall of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and a short miscellaneous concert. The principals were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Mary Reeve, Mr. E. Kemp, and Mr. Tom Cranmer, a well-known local artist, the minor solos and concerted pieces being taken by members of the choir, of whom Miss Turner calls for special commendation. Mr. F. Ward was the leader of a small band, and Dr. Swinnerton Heap conducted. Of the rendering of the cantata nothing but praise can be spoken. Mrs. Hutchinson, who is always welcome, gave great satisfaction by her careful and artistic singing, the final solo with chorus, "Joy, joy for ever," being most enthusiastically received. The other principals also sang exceptionally well. The singing of the choruses showed that the choir had received a most careful training at the hands of Mr. W. Sherratt, the choirmaster, and under the talented conductorship of Dr. Heap ably set forth the many beauties of the work. The band, although somewhat short of brass instruments, rendered good service, and opened the concert with Mozart's overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro."

In an air from Mozart's "Zauberflöte," Mr. Cranmer displayed his excellent bass voice to advantage. Mr. Kemp sang "I seek for thee in every flower," Ganz; and Miss Reeve was most successful in "Angel Voices." The other items of the programme were a movement of the string quartet from Haydn's "Hymn to the Emperor;" and a violin solo (consisting of a Reverie by Vieuxtemps and an Allegro molto by Franz Ries), admirably played by Mr. Ward.

## The Five Great Schools of Composition.

BY F. WILLIAMS-WILLIAMS, MUS. BAC.\*

M R. WILLIAMS-WILLIAMS' little work does not profess to be anything more than a "Short Text-Book of Musical Biography." It consists of five short essays, originally delivered in the form of lectures upon the Belgian, English, Italian, German, and French schools of composition, the whole being contained in ninety pages octavo. Under these circumstances we scarcely needed the author's assurance in the preface that his book does not claim to be exhaustive. Imagine an exhaustive account of the German school contained in eighteen pages, which is the exact amount of space devoted to it in the work under discussion.

From motives, we conclude, of patriotism, our author allows his essay on the English school to extend to thirty pages, while Italian composers, from St. Gregory to Verdi, are dismissed in seventeen. The biographies are, necessarily, of the most meagre kind, consisting, in most instances, of little more than the names and dates of the birth and death of the composers, together with the mention of one or two of their principal works. Even under the best of circumstances, text-books are seldom interesting reading, and Mr. Williams-Williams' book is no exception to the rule. Its usefulness as a work of reference is, of course, another question. Musical students, "cramming" for an examination, who crave only for hard facts packed into the smallest possible compass, may find these short essays of more practical assistance in their object than the most interesting and elaborate biographies.

\* Stanley Lucas, Walter, & Co., London.

## Notes on Musical Life in Birmingham.

THE musical season may be held to have closed in Birmingham with Mr. Stockley's last Orchestral Concert on May the 2nd—the fourth concert of the Sixteenth Series. The artists who appeared on this occasion were Madame Nordica and Mr. Charles Banks, vocalists, and Miss Nettie Carpenter, solo violin, in the place of Mr. Carrodus, who was prevented from appearing by domestic bereavement. "Una voce" and "Gli Angeli d'inferno," both old favourites, were Madame Nordica's selections, and displayed the artist's vocalization to the best advantage; while Mr. Banks, always a favourite with Birmingham audiences, won applause with his rendering of the prayer from Wagner's "Rienzi," and Smart's air, "The full moon is beaming," from the "Bride of Dunkerron." Max Bruch's G minor Concerto was given in masterly style by Miss Carpenter, who also played two small pieces by Wieniawski; and the orchestra, under Mr. Stockley's baton, interpreted Wagner's Kaiser Marsch, Massenet's Angelus, Bennett's Overture to the May Queen, Herold's Overture to Zampa, and Saint-Saëns' quaint Danse Macabre, with their usual fire and delicacy. The principal interest of the evening, however, centred in the performance of Dr. Parry's Suite Moderne, conducted by the composer, in which the excellence of the orchestra did full justice to the cleverness of construction and poetic feeling of the work, and obtained an enthusiastic recall for the composer.

It is not often that amateurs attempt to produce comic operas in their completeness, and still less often are their efforts crowned with success; but an exception must certainly be made in respect of the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's well-known "Ruddigore" on May 7th and 8th at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms. Among the numerous societies of which our city boasts is the Birmingham Amateur Opera Society, formed for the practice and occasional performance of modern opera, the members of which have the laudable custom of giving the profits of their performances to charitable objects; and it was they who gave "Ruddigore" on this occasion, with complete scenery and effects, the institutions to be benefited being the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Edgbaston and the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital in Birmingham.

The company numbered between fifty and sixty performers, supported by a picked orchestra of twenty-three instrumentalists, under the experienced direction of Mr. Cortes Perera, hon. conductor to the Society. The principal parts were filled by Miss Howle (Rose-Maybud), Mrs. Cortes Perera, and Miss K. Knowles; Messrs. W. A. Crosbee, S. R. Shore, G. T. Edwards, W. L. Mathews, and H. H. Monckton. The general excellence of the performance, and the swing and dash with which many of the numbers went, showed how much care and time must have been spent in the preparation of the opera; but the Mad Margaret of Mrs. Perera and the Richard Dauntless of Mr. Edwards were remarkably finished assumptions of character, and Miss Knowles and Mr. Crosbee—the Dame Hannah and Sir Roderic of the cast—were deservedly applauded for their two songs, Nos. 5 and 10 of the second act; while Miss Howle made a charming Rose Maybud, and the other parts were adequately filled, the chorus (ghostly or otherwise) being well up to its work. As the rooms were well filled on each evening, it is to be hoped that the institutions named may benefit substantially from the exertions of their musical friends.

R. B. BANDINELLI.

## Reviews.

And Jesus called a little Child. Anthem for a Children's Festival. Composed by Edward Craston.

This is a simple and easily-arranged little composition, which will be found well within the powers of an average parochial choir. The accompaniments and the part-writing show the hand of an experienced musician. The words are taken from the 18th chapter of St. Matthew, verses 2, 3, 4, and 10. Mr. Craston's anthem will probably be a welcome addition to the very scanty store of compositions which are really suitable to a children's service.

Trade orders for the "Magazine of Music" to be sent to Messrs. Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row. Subscriptions to "Magazine of Music," Abinger House, 138 Dalrymple Road, Brixton, London. Advertisements to Business Manager, "Magazine of Music" Office, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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*Frederic Chopin*



Magazine of Music Supplement, June 1889

# Serenade

(FROM THE GERMAN OF RELLSTAB)

THE WANDERER,

OP. 4, N<sup>o</sup> 1,

SONGS,

by

FR. SCHUBERT.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST. MARTINS HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

## SERENADE.

From the German of Rellstab.

VOICE. Thro' the still night air my songs, love,

PIANO. *pp*

soft - ly float to thee To the si - lent woodland glade be -

lov - ed, come to me! Hear the sway - ing tree-tops whisper

in the moon-light clear, Breath of ma - lice; may not..... wound thee,...

*pp*

sweetheart, I am near, sweetheart, I am near.

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It features two phrases of "sweetheart, I am near," each marked with a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

*pp*

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a dense texture of chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand. The dynamic is marked *pp* (pianissimo).

Hear the mourn-ful night-in-gales, sup-pleat-ing thee,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

With the note of sweet complaint they're plead-ing now for me.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

They have felt the heart's deep long-ing, known true love's un-rest, known true love's un-

*pp*

The fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The dynamic is marked *pp* (pianissimo).

rest, They in strains of sil-ver sweet-ness move each ten-der breast,

move each ten-der breast. Hark-en to their soft en-treat-ing, love, I pray to thee,

Ah! my heart is fill'd with yearning, hasten sweet to me

hast-en sweet to me, sweet to me.

*f* *cres.* *p* *pp* *dimin.*

# THE WANDERER.

Fr. Schubert Op. 4, N<sup>o</sup> 1.

*PIANO.*

*pp* 3 3 *cres.*

I come from moun-tains high and, free,

*p* *pp*

To mist-y vales and moan-ing sea, - to moan-ing

*cres.*

sea I wan-der on; my hearts des-pair,

*fp* *pp* *pp*

But one word ut-ters where, oh where, where, ah where! The

*ppp*

ve - ry sun....me-thinks is.... cold, The blos - soms pal - lid life grown old; And

*pp*

speech to me.... an emp - ty sound, A - las! I dwell in A - lien ground.

*pp*

Where art thou where art thou my be - lov - ed Land, Where

*mf*

nev - er more..... my feet..... may

*pp*

stand! That Land, that land of ra - diant bloom of ra - diant bloom, Where

*fp*

ros - es shed there sweet per-fume The land where all my lov'd ones dwell, Or

*p* *cres.*

lie with - in her bo-som's swell, The land whose speech I know full well, Dear Land, where

*f* *pp*

art thou! I wan-der on in my des-pair,

*fp* *pp* *dimin.*

For ev - er sigh-ing where, ah where, where, ah where! A spi - rit whispers

*ppp*

in mine ear "Vain is thy sigh-ing, Joy a - lone is Here!"

*fp*

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